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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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"STOP THIEF!"

MISS KATHARINE WETMORE IS ROBBED BY TWO HIGHWAYMEN NEAR THE HOUSE OF EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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A RISING OF THE SOCIAL SCUM, EH?

Mr. Frank Wilkeson, a queer journalist who writes a good deal of rot, declares that the anti-Chinese excitement in the West is only to be found among the loafers and bummers of California.

This is a cowardly lie. In all cases leading citizens have taken a hand. At Tacoma, among those prominent in expelling the Chinese, were the Mayor of the city, several members of the council, the Probate Judge, several school directors, the president of the Young Men's Christian Association, editors, lawyers, physicians, merchants, hotel keepers and manufacturers. Of the 27 "insurgents" indicted, 16 are Americans, 5 Germans, 4 Canadians, 1 Irishman and 1 Swede. The men who came to the front at Seattle were of the like class. We find among them lawyers, physicians, hotel keepers and local officials. From Pasadena, in California, through San Jose, Stockton, Woodland, Truckee and other cities to Eureka, from which the Chinese were first expelled and which is now a peaceful, prosperous and homogeneous community, the same facts precisely, are observable. And now the rear has been brought up by one of the most remarkable demonstrations that has yet taken place at Sacramento. The anti-Chinese meeting held there is represented to be the largest ever gathered there. It was called by the board of trade. All classes of citizens were present. Speeches were made by the president of the board of trade, a city trustee, the police judge, and by many eminent lawyers and citizens. An emphatic demand was made not only for the stoppage of Chinese immigration, but for speedy relief from the Chinese who are now here.

No one who is capable of the exercise of the faculty of reasoning can fail to perceive that the movement is universal, all pervading, and confined to no class. It has assumed a more determined form than in 1880. The feeling is notably growing in intensity. It is not being assuaged by time. It is, on the contrary, taking a more ultra form. And you can bet your boots that the present Congress will have to settle it once for all and forever.

"WHERE CANADA LEADS THE STATES."

The above is the amusing caption of a floating article, purporting to be an interview with a Canadian police official by a writer for the Detroit Free-Press. The Canadian official's sole ground for the silly claim of precedence on the part of his sub-monarchical little side-show of a government over this great and glorious republic is that criminals are caught there more numerous than in this country. Granting the Canadian official's statement to be the fact—it is not the fact, but the point is of such extreme insignificance that it may be cheerfully granted—still the Canuck policeman's vain-glorious boasting is silly. Why are more criminals caught in Canada than in the United States? Because there are more criminals to catch. And why are there more criminals in Canada than in the United States? Because all the sleek confidential clerks, and rare old bank presidents, and sanctimonious Sunday school superintendents, and enterprising burglars, and gay seducers, and able-bodied bigamists and—in short, all the finest and fattest and flyest criminals of the United States—where do they go to? To Canada. Where, then, should they be caught? In Canada. All the average Canadian detective has to do is to step out of doors, wait for an American to come along, and arrest him. This is a very slim twig on which to hang a claim to superior detective ability. It will be a long and intensely Arctic period when the Canuck government finds any stouter branch on which to hold a reputation for precedence of the States.

KNOCKED OUT!

A GENUINE GLOVE CONTEST BETWEEN JACK BURKE AND MIKE CLEARY AT CHICAGO.

CLEARY IS KNOCKED OUT BY A CHANCE BLOW AFTER THREE ROUNDS IN 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS.

The long-expected glove contest between Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, and Mike Cleary, of New York, who was styled the champion knock-out, was fought at Chicago on Dec. 28. About 5,000 persons were present, many journeying thousands of miles to witness the contest, as it had been announced by Charles E. Davies, the manager, that the battle would be fought on its merits.

Both men had many admirers and there was heavy betting at first, odds being laid on Cleary, owing to the fact that he knocked out Wm. Sheriff, Jim Goode and other less prominent pugilists.

As early as 7½ o'clock fully 4,000 persons had assembled in Battery D. A large percentage of the crowd were enthusiastic admirers of Burke, and they were awaiting with bated breath the moment when he should knock out the New York celebrity. Parson Davies, smooth-shaven, white-chokered, more than usually clerical in the cut of his "jib," well became the office of manager of the entertainment. Pat Sheedy, pallid, gentlemanly and nonchalant, did the aristocratic feature of the occasion. The conditions were "Police Gazette" revised rules, six rounds. In the preliminaries Boston was creditably represented by Prof. Tom Chandler, who sparred four rounds for points with Paddy Carroll, of Chicago, in which neither got any.

After they had retired Billy Lakeman, the referee, announced Mike Cleary, of New York, the champion knock-out, and Jack Burke, of Chicago. Tremendous cheering followed when it was announced that Wm. Bradburn was referee.

Prof. Tom "Chandler," of Boston, and Captain Dalton appeared as seconds to Cleary, while Tom Chandler, of Chicago, and Jack Flatto performed the same service for Burke. Timekeepers were Charley Benedict and Tom Curley. Both men were in prime condition, Burke tipping the scales at 165 pounds, and Cleary about the same.

At exactly 10 o'clock the men faced each other, sparred an instant for an opening, and a moment later Cleary went to grass from a terrific back-hander from Burke's left, which struck him square in the eye and brought blood. The round finished with some ineffectual attempts on Cleary's part to get in his right on Burke's face.

The second round panned out rather favorably for Cleary, who got in a stinging counter with his left on Burke's cheek. He tapped him gently twice more, and the round closed with some cautious sparring on both sides.

When the men stood up for the third round Burke's pink and glowing skin showed in strange contrast to the almost marble whiteness of Cleary's fine face and physique. Burke's whole aspect was eloquent of vigor and confidence, yet Cleary, pale and supple, looked well his match. Early in this exciting bout Cleary got what later proved to have been the blow that decided the contest. Cleary forced the fighting at first, but Burke soon crowded in on him impetuously, forced him into his corner, hit him two rattling blows on his face with his left, then parrying Cleary's right with his own right glove struck the New Yorker on the neck. Cleary staggered and seemed dazed for a moment, then recovered himself with an effort and forced Burke desperately to the opposite side of the ring. It could be seen that Cleary was breathing heavily and shook slightly with suppressed excitement, while Burke, perfectly cool and collected, watched calmly for his chance. It came, and quick as a flash his right arm came round and landed with terrific force on Cleary's jaw, and he fell like a log. The blow caught him fairly just beneath and behind his left ear and knocked him senseless.

"He's killed him," some one muttered. The great crowd of spectators were silent. Burke stepped up to his fallen adversary, and, as Cleary did not move, but lay stretched at full length, stooped over and shook him gently, his face exhibiting genuine alarm. A little later Cleary's prostrate form showed signs of life, and the crowd arose with wild cries of "Burke! Burke!" It seemed as though the platform would be torn in pieces when the champion climbed over the ropes and walked jauntily to his dressing-room, every whit as steady as when he came out.

Cleary's seconds picked him up and assisted him to his room, where he revived in a few minutes. After the contest the excitement was intense, and Cleary stated that it was a chance blow, "one like I have landed many a time with the same result." Burke's victory made him a "fussel top" among the pugilistic division, and he was greeted and honored by all that met him. Cleary had the sympathy of everyone.

POSTSCRIPT.—Arthur Chambers has agreed to match Jack Fogarty to fight Jack Dempsey for \$2,500 a side, and agrees, if Dempsey's backer wants to increase the stakes, Chambers will make it for \$5,000. Chambers has forwarded articles and \$250 deposit, which means business.

The challenge of Arthur Chambers to back Jimmy Mitchell to fight John W. McAuliffe for \$1,000 a side, either Queensbury or London prize ring rules, was accepted to-day by Billy Madden, who agrees to meet Chambers and Mitchell at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, Jan. 2, between 12 and 2 P. M., to sign articles of agreement. Madden wants the contest decided in three weeks, and agrees to put up \$5,000 on McAuliffe if Chambers is willing.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

A Forlorn Hope.

We illustrate this week the vain attempt made at Nanticoke, Pa., to rescue the twenty miners imprisoned in the caved-in mine.

New Year's Eve on the Elevated.

Our last page this week is given to an illustration of the various scenes revealed to one of our artists while traveling, on New Year's Eve, on the elevated railroad.

A Tramp Whipped by a Woman.

Mrs. James Sollers, of Rising Sun, Md., had an encounter with a burghlarious tramp the other day. She came off victorious, driving him from the house head foremost.

The Strong Men in Town.

We publish this week a capital full-page engraving of the scenes at the various theatres in town, in which Sullivan, Muldoon, McCaffrey and Mitchell appeared during the past week.

She was a Man.

Mary Wells, employed by Mrs. Steckler, of Ridgefield, N. J., as general servant and housemaid, was accused by the cook of being a man. The charge was proved by pulling off the wig which covered his close-cropped head.

Ah There, Colonel!

The good city of Trenton, N. J., has lately enjoyed a startling sensation. One of its most prominent men, known universally as the Colonel, was handled very severely in a street fight by a couple of local Amazons. We illustrate the scene.

Nice Kind of Coppers.

Lieut. Pat Collins, of the Cincinnati police, has been charged, among other things, with assaulting a patrolman of the same force. Another Lieutenant of Cincinnati is charged with cruelly assaulting the wife of a saloon keeper while drunk.

Eight Days on a Wreck.

We illustrate this week the wreck of the schooner James T. Morse, on the voyage from Pensacola to Philadelphia. For eight days the hapless crew couldn't go below, but had to keep the pumps going. They were rescued by the ship John Harvey.

Bold Highwaymen.

Miss Kate Wetmore, the pretty daughter of Commissioner Wetmore, was robbed one day last week on Lexington avenue, just opposite ex-President Arthur's, by a couple of highwaymen. She chased them, aided by a district telegraph messenger, but the scoundrels vanished and Miss Wetmore was minus \$54.

He Wanted to Keep Warm.

John Banford was sent to jail in Camden, N. J., for larceny. Toward morning the police officials on duty were aroused by smoke and cries of fire. They found that the chilly prisoner had ripped off the woodwork around a water closet in his cell and started a fire on the floor. The other prisoners were greatly alarmed, but Banford insisted that he was merely "trying to keep warm."

Saved by Telegraph.

Ora Misner, of Big Indian, Ulster County, N. Y., took a suicidal dose of laudanum Dec. 22. She fell unconscious in the little operating room of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The local operator "called" the big building in this city and some of the wire-sharps here held a consultation and telegraphed him how to treat her. Several of the Western Union operators were doctors and drug-clerks at previous periods of their existence.

Buried in a Barrel.

Mr. Walter Newberry, a Chicago millionaire, died at sea, and his body was sent home in a cask of Medford rum. When the cask arrived it was received by Mr. Tinkham and a few friends who were let into the secret. They opened it to satisfy themselves as to its contents. The cask was loaded upon a dray, which was driven to Graceland Cemetery, followed by Mr. Tinkham and his companions, where without religious services the cask was rolled into a grave dug in a lot owned by Mr. Newberry, and there the remains lie at this day in pickle, with no stone to mark the spot.

Cheating the Liquor Laws.

Some curious patents are taken out at the Patent Office. One last week—"cover for liquor flask"—would never be fully appreciated by its title. It is a design of a book, about two and a half inches thick. At the bottom end of the book is an opening for the insertion of the flask, the opening being afterwards neatly closed with a spring, the surface of which is marbled like a book end of leaves. At the top all seems correct and regular, but the pressure of the thumb throws open a circular hole and at the same time raises the neck of the hitherto hidden vessel about two inches and within easy range of the mouth.

The Judges' Snuggery.

The United States Supreme Court has its bar-room. This room is so hidden away from the public that very little is known of it, as only the justices and their friends ever succeed in passing by the guards and reaching it. It is next to the dressing room of the justices, where these ponderous gentlemen go for the purpose of putting on and taking off their rich robes of shining black silk. This room is a plain one, with an entrance from the clerk's office beside the one from the dressing room. It has a genial open grate, over which hangs an old-fashioned, black iron teakettle, with a nozzle huge, black and thick. This is the kettle which has been used for heating the water employed in mixing hot punches since the days of John Marshall. There is a smart yellow man in attendance in this room who has a fine cabinet of assorted liquors, and who is an expert in making all kinds of fancy drinks.

Heinrich Conreid, who is expected in New York this week, will probably bring with him the score of Strauss' new opera, "The Gypsy Baron," which he has secured in Vienna.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Dr. James S. Cattanch is one of the best known horsemen in this city. He is the able and chief veterinary surgeon of the National Horse Show Association of America and a most genial and honorable sportsman.

George Perkins.

We publish a portrait of George Perkins, the champion oarsman of England, who is eager to row any man in America.

George F. Slosson.

We publish a portrait of George F. Slosson, the famous billiard player, who was beaten by Jacob Schaefer in the Chicago billiard tournament.

A Young Canadian Driver.

Edward Rooney is a driver of some repute north of line 45, and quite recently has been appointed superintendent and trainer of Wiser's stables at Prescott.

Fred Archer.

The portrait of Archer, England's famous jockey, is the latest taken of the wonderful jockey, who, by his wonderful exploits, may be styled the champion jockey of the world.

Frederic Ficken.

Ficken was the accomplice in the Stienner murder at Chihuahua, Mexico. He was recently sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement in the mines, which means a very short life.

James McLaughlin.

In this issue we publish a portrait of the Dwyer Brothers' famous jockey, James McLaughlin. He is the best jockey in this country, and again heads the list of winning jockeys for 1885.

Charley Mitchell.

In this issue will be found a portrait of Charley Mitchell, the famous English boxer, who claims the championship of England. Mitchell is now engaged with the McNish, Slavin & Johnson-Ministrels.

Santiago Yanya.

This Italian confessed to the murder of Stienner, which created a great sensation at Chihuahua, Mexico. He was sentenced to be shot, but just before the expected execution he committed suicide with a scissor.

Daniel O'Leary.

We publish a portrait of Daniel O'Leary, the famous heel-and-toe long-distance pedestrian, who is now engaged in a 2,500 mile walking match with Edward Payson Weston. O'Leary was the first winner of the Astley belt in England.

E. J. Heath.

Mr. Heath is a well known sporting man, who has the finest bar and billiard room in Chicopee. He was formerly foreman and originator of the Heath Horse Company. His house is a headquarters for all sporting men, and he supports all kinds of sports.

Ford and Murphy.

Ford and Murphy, who were to have been hanged at New Orleans a week ago, were reprieved for thirty days more. The pressure brought to bear on the Governor and Board of Pardons was so strong that the action was not unexpected. Petitions aggregating 1,200 signatures were sent in, asking for a reprieve. Among those who signed by the leading merchants, bankers and business men of this city, asking the Governor to reprieve the condemned men, and to continue to reprieve them from time to time until the sense of the community could be had as to whether they should be hanged. It was proposed that books should be left at convenient places all over the city for the purpose of allowing signatures either for or against the commutation of their sentences. In other words, it is proposed to have a popular vote as to whether Ford and Murphy should hang or not.

MURDERED HER SISTER.

Miss Susie Wheelhouse Speaks Her Mind with a Glass Bottle.

A few days ago Mr. Wheelhouse, a very respectable citizen, living on Halifax street, in the southern part of Petersburg, W. Va., aged about sixty years, the father of a large family, purchased a pair of shoes for Susie Wheelhouse, his daughter, aged about twenty-three years, and carried them home. The young lady did not like the purchase her father had made, and so expressed herself. Maggie, aged about sixteen years, told her sister that she ought to be satisfied with anything her father gave her these hard times. This so angered her that she picked up a bottle and, it is said, threw it at her sister, hitting her on the head, inflicting a wound that it is thought by physicians will prove fatal. The injured lady was attended by four physicians, who performed a surgical operation with hopes of saving her life, but her condition is considered hopeless.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Campbell is the third wife of Prof. A. D. R. Campbell, the sinful professor of the clerical educational scandal at St. Charles, Mo. The case has created quite a sensation in the State, especially since he has published a very long and open confession of his weakness.

A FAMILY OF FLIRTS.

The famous Weed girls, of Guyandotte, W. Va., have again brought themselves into prominence. Scarcely a year passes but that some member of the family makes a splash in social or sensational circles, or else an event occurs to bring their name into print. Ella, the eldest, first fought her way to fame by marrying Senator Sprague after the separation between him and Kate Chase, daughter of the late Chief Justice. Only a short time ago a younger sister made a complicated family knot by marrying Sprague's son, thus becoming the step-daughter of her sister. And recently a younger sister has earned a sensational record at home by jilting a young man of means and eloping



She flirts with a festive drummer.

with a book agent. There seems to be a bewitching fascination about these Weeds, who have been reared humbly as the daughters of a poor village mechanic. Each has won the love of many men—even to crazy infatuation which has resulted in doom. Ella first married F. W. Calvert, a traveling salesman for a Cincinnati firm. He met her at home when she was a gay young girl ready to flirt, like most village maidens, with the festive drummer. The flirtation became infatuation with Calvert and he married her within a year. His home was at Portsmouth, where he had a farm and business interests. His brother was also his partner and probate judge. Calvert would



Calvert keeps her picture.

not give up the road, and kept his young, ambitious wife cooped up in the Biggs house while he was scouting through his territory. The result may be imagined. The woman was thrown among hotel guests, drummers like her husband—and his visits home were sometimes scenes of painful jealousy. In time they parted. Kind-hearted Calvert permitted her to get a divorce, although he loved her madly. To save her reputation he was mute. When the tie was severed he went to Cincinnati, made his headquarters at a hotel and continued his trips. He never met his wife again, but kept her picture constantly with him. Over a year ago he died suddenly of heart troubles before any friends or relatives could be summoned. He was buried at Portsmouth.

When his divorced wife married Senator Sprague and went to Europe, Calvert read it in a newspaper while in some interior Ohio town. A traveling friend who was with him relates how he was affected, and some think that dissipation, coupled with this brooding, killed him. The sister, who married Sprague's son, met him after the marriage. Both girls had been at Washington, rumor had it, as lobbyists and especial friends of Huntington, the railroad magnate, who first met them in their home. And now another sister, who recently spent several weeks in Marietta with her book agent husband, has kept up the family record by an elopement and marriage contrary to family wishes. Her first love affair was with a young lawyer, who became furiously persistent. His courtship was so inflamed that she tired of it and enraged him with jealousy. She refused him several times, promised to be always a friend and kept him as an adorer while loving another. One day she went with him for a drive. Late at night she came into town, her hat gone, driving the horse furiously, while in the buggy was the apparently dead body of her lover. In the buggy was a pistol from which a ball had been fired



She goes out with a lawyer.

through his breast. It was in summer, and her white dress was streaked and soaked with his blood. Her frantic condition and cries for a doctor aroused public indignation and suspicion against her. But the doctors found the young man's wound serious but not fatal. She was arrested, but when he recovered his speech and blamed himself for the shooting, she was released in haste. She said, as he also stated, that he had made another proposal of marriage, which she refused. He then shot himself without a word. The horse, frightened by the report, hurried them home, and prevented death from loss of blood. Not even this display of devotion warmed her heart, and she refused him when he recovered. Then he was bound to die, and one day carried a chair to the railroad track and sat in it waiting for the lightning express to scoop him into glory. But friends prevented such a scatter of love-sick tissues, and to-day he lives, sadder and somewhat redeemed. The Jew bookseller who laid siege to her hard heart won it by peculiar tactics



He was bound to die.

known, perhaps, only to book agents. She left home, and now goes with him through the country, as he persuades the unwary to subscribe. All three girls are pretty brunettes, with a very subtle fascination which is easier felt than understood.

JEALOUS MR. MURRAY.

Gerard Francis Norman Murray, 21 years old and a medical student, landed in this country on Sunday, Dec. 13, with a 16-year-old English bride, Josie Marion, said to be an heiress to £70,000. The marriage certificate shows that they were married on Dec. 1 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Broome, at Ealing, about twenty miles from London, by the Rev. Joseph Hilliard.

According to statements made by Murray, his bride made herself popular with some of the passengers on the way to New York, particularly with a New York merchant returning from a business trip to Europe. Murray went with his wife to the Richmond House, in Eighth street, near Mercer, and remained there with her until Tuesday of last week, when he went to Virginia, as he says, to see a brother about some business matters. Mrs. Murray wanted to go with him, but he told her she must stay the hotel. They had had a quarrel, and he was jealous.

She remained there only two days. On Thursday she took a furnished room at 26 West Thirteenth street. Murray reappeared at the Richmond House on Friday, and the same day called on his wife. She would have nothing to do with him, he says, declaring that he had

deserted her. He saw her that night in Huber's Prospect Garden in Fourteenth street with a man, and when she came out he had her arrested. At the station house he had no charge to make except that she had stolen surgical instruments from him. Learning



A pleasant picture for a husband.

that she was his wife, Capt. McCullagh refused to hold her.

Next day a lawyer named Charles E. Hughes, on behalf of Murray, waited on Mrs. Murray with a paper, which she was asked to sign. She said she had not been unfaithful to her husband, and would sign nothing until she had seen a lawyer.

On Monday night Murray got into the house and went to his wife's room.

At about 2 o'clock a scream came from Mrs. Murray's room, which startled the whole house. Mrs. McQuade burst into the room and saw Murray trying to empty half a gobletful of what she says was laudanum down his wife's throat with one hand, while he pointed a revolver at her head with the other. Mrs. Murray had hold of the barrel of the revolver, and was trying to take it from him.

When Murray saw the lady he threw his wife to one side, dropped the revolver, and swallowed the contents of the glass himself, and sank back on the bed, as if that was the end of things. The bottle was certainly labelled "Laudanum," but laudanum doesn't kill so quickly as all that. He had had another bottle which was labelled "Chloral," but it was empty.

An ambulance took Murray to the New York Hospital. He was wide awake. The doctors found that he exhibited no sign of having swallowed anything but alcohol. He admitted that he had been drinking whiskey, and said that he often took laudanum in small amounts so that he could sleep. He declared that he had taken a large dose of laudanum because his wife had driven him to desperation after his father had disowned him for marrying her. They applied the stomach pump without getting any laudanum out of him, and then they let him go to sleep. He awoke



Rather rough practice in medicine

all right late in the forenoon, and was handed over to an officer of the Mercer street station.

Murray is tall and thin, and looks stupid. He gave out at the Richmond that his parents in England are wealthy, that he is related to the Duke of Argyll and Lord Carrington, that his father is a member of the High Court of Chancery, and that his brother, the Rev. G. M. Murray, is pastor of a church in Linwood, Va.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Lydia Thompson returned to England Dec. 19.

Bronson Howard has contracted to write another play for Helen Dauvray.

E. J. Parker now has an interest in King Hedley's "After Dark" company.

J. H. Mapleson was last week elected an honorary member of one of the militia regiments of this city.

John E. Owens had rallied from his recent relapse at last accounts, and was slowly improving.

The two Virtos are not playing with Reilly & Wood's Company, but are at Koster & Bial's this week.

Miss Fortescue, of Garmoye notoriety, is raising herself into a high position on the stage by hard work.

The marriage is reported at Zanesville, Ohio, recently, of E. H. Mack and Kittie Shields, of Baker & Farron's Company.

Manager Eugene Tompkins has sold to Forepaugh's Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., the right to produce "Drink" in that city.

Chas. Gayler has withdrawn his "Miss Mollie" from Almee's hands on account, as he claims, of non-fulfillment of contract.

Emile Ellsler's impersonation in "Woman against Woman" of Beatie Barton is said to surpass her famous creation of Hazel Kirke.

During the past week, at the Novelty theatre, Brooklyn, E. D. Fanny Davenport played the role of Fedora for the 500th time.

Chas. Levi, once leader for Denman Thompson, was married at Medina, N. Y., Dec. 13, to Franc D. Drake, an amateur vocalist.

The Kruger "Skating Rink" Company are coming East over the Central Pacific route, having abandoned their Southern Pacific Slope tour.

The Abdallah Ben Said and Ali Mahomet troupes of Bedouin Arabs have consolidated, and R. Fitzgerald starts them on a notable tour shortly.

Sarah Bernhardt will spend in this country only fourteen weeks of her engagement. The balance of the time will be devoted to a South American tour.

Alice Gleason has been dangerously ill in Boston with inflammation of the bowels. She was to leave there Dec. 21, if able, to rest at her sister's home at Nashua, N. H.

Adelaide Neilson kept a copy of every photograph of herself which had been published, and the number of these in the various sizes was found on her death to be 600.

Chas. Fisher, of Padgett's "Called Back" Co., was arrested in Philadelphia Dec. 19 on complaint of his wife, Sarah, who charges him with deserting her. They were married ten years ago.

Mme. Sembrich, the prima donna, has been delivered of a son in Dresden. Mme. Nilsson, who is also in Dresden, as soon as she heard of the birth, immediately offered to become god-mother for the boy.

New York Lodge, B. P. O. E., has presented Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with a handsome gold watch. Mr. Beecher some weeks ago lost his old watch, and the Elks, who think a good deal of him, hastened to supply the void.

Rubenstein's first series of piano recitals at Berlin have proved an enormous success. He is going to give, in addition to his regularly advertised series, several recitals gratis for the benefit of musical students in the academies.

John T. Ford lost his "Mikado" suit against D. Herzog, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Ford supposed he had purchased the rights for the entire South from D'Oyly Carte, but found that the District of Columbia was not specified, so Mr. Herzog won.

It seems as if George Howard, the comedian, must at least be tired of playing his part in "Adonis." Still, he may some day have the satisfaction of beating the record of the serious Dunstan. Mr. Coudock only played the *Old Miller* a thousand or fifteen hundred times.

At Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, Emma Nevada's advance agent Ben Clarke, took out an attachment to recover \$164.52. He says that he spent that amount in hack fare and other extras while in Miss Nevada's service. The prima donna thought her agent was spending too much money for hacks, and refused to pay the bill.

Frank L. Gardner has closed as Janish's manager, and David Peyser will hereafter direct her tour. The "Andrea" case having gone against her, Janish is forced to rest until Jan. 4, when she resumes the season at Montreal, Can., in a new piece. John C. Freund was at one time seeking to manage Janish, but he appears to have failed in his purpose.

The action for libel, brought some time ago in London, Eng., by W. Irving Bishop, the American mind-reader, against Henry Labouchere, editor of *Truth*, is concluded. Mr. Bishop sued Mr. Labouchere for having denounced him as a mountebank, and placed his damages at \$150,000. The court rendered a verdict in Mr. Labouchere's favor, with costs. Mr. Bishop was not present.

Mme. Janish is still playing a version of "Andrea" in spite of the injunction of Judge Van Vorst. Much of the original material of "Anselma" is still in use in this piece, against the adapter's emphatic demand that it should be abandoned altogether. This demand was based on the non-payment of royalties, that pursuit having enjoyed as long a run as the piece itself.

William Elton is to play the part in Mr. Stevenson's comedy that was written for Lester Wallack. Mr. Wallack himself was not satisfied with it. This piece has been decided upon as the next attraction at the theatre, in place of "Human Nature," which has been postponed for the time being on account of the very heavy expenditure necessary in putting it upon the stage.

The success of "Venus on a Lark," Thomas Addison's and Charles D. Blake's travesty, has determined Manager Charles Atkinson to put out an extra company to play the large cities, and he is now preparing new printing, scenery, etc. The authors of the piece are at work on "Speculation," something new, and it will have a rehearsal Feb. 5. Mr. Addison is a Boston journalist, and Mr. Blake is the widely-known composer.

Harrigan, the variety actor and manager, off the stage is a sedate, thoughtful-looking man, with a kindly eye and voice. He furiously watches everything going on, while appearing not to see anything and to be so preoccupied with his thoughts as not to know exactly what he is saying. Like Robson, he will follow an eccentric character about the town all day or night in his study of him and his make-up for stage purposes. He claims that he draws all of his characters from real life.

Katie Putnam, the actress, five years ago was in Helena, Montana, when the owner of a newly discovered mine asked the privilege of naming his mine after her. His request was granted. The actress heard nothing further about the matter until she received as a Christmas present a handsomely engraved certificate of three hundred shares non-assessable, paid up stock in the Katie Putnam Mining Company. It is said that the mine has recently developed such wealth as to make three hundred shares worth nearly a quarter of a million.

H. S. Duffield, of "The Pavements of Paris" Co., was arrested at Troy, N. Y., Dec. 2, on a court order in a civil case. His wife Pauline procured a divorce from him in New York in December, 1883, and he was obliged to pay a certain amount in alimony and counsel fees. He has refused or neglected to do so, and the Court has ordered his arrest. He has made a proposition for a settlement, which, it is believed, will be accepted. Duffield's defense is that he has been in ill-health and out of work for some time, and could not get money enough to pay the demands on him.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, UNEQUALED.

Dr. R. M. ALEXANDER, Farneshburgh, Pa., says "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equaled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

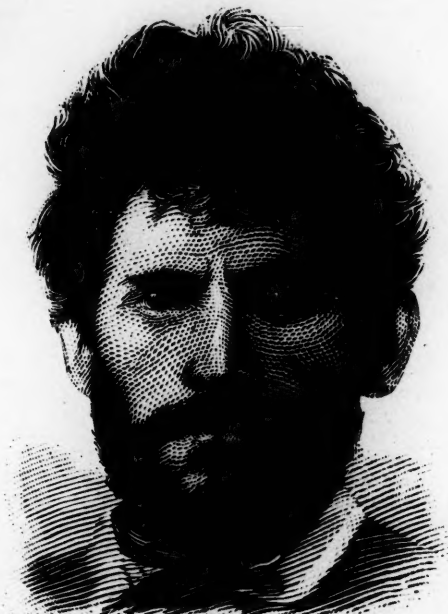


"SHE'S A MAN!"

THE EXTRAORDINARY SERVANT GIRL RECENTLY EMPLOYED BY MRS. STECKLER OF RIDGEFIELD, N. J.



FREDERIC FICKEN,
ACCOMPLICE IN THE STIENER MURDER, CHI-
HUAHUA, MEXICO.



SANTIAGO YANEA,
THE CONFESSED MURDERER OF STIENER,
CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.



SAVED BY TELEGRAPH.

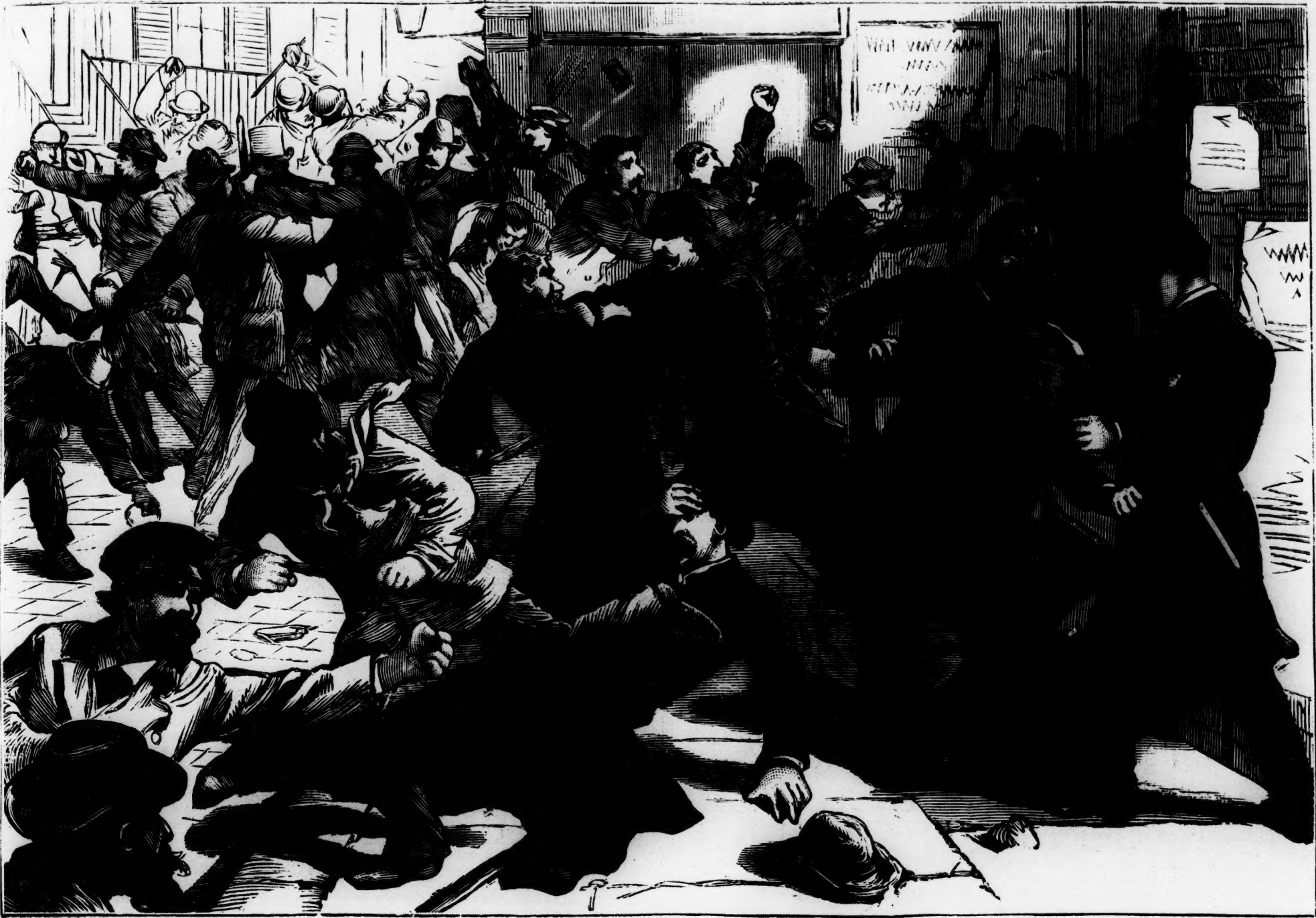
ORA MIERER OF BIG INDIAN, ULSTER CO., N. Y., IS RESCUED BY MEDICAL ADVICE WIRED FROM NEW YORK CITY.



JOHN MURPHY,
AWAITING EXECUTION UNDER SENSATIONAL
CIRCUMSTANCES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.



PAT. FORD,
TO BE EXECUTED WITH MURPHY NEXT MONTH
AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



ANOTHER RIOT IN DETROIT.

INFURIATED POLISH CATHOLICS MOB AND TRY TO DESTROY THE RESIDENCE OF THEIR BISHOP.

Stabbed by a Hungry Guest.

Max Resler, at a Hungarian wedding feast, held at 84 Attorney street, was so incensed by the waiter's favoring the bridal table that he stabbed him with a fork and the festival broke up in a regular shindy

The Detroit Riot.

We illustrate this week the attack on the house of Bishop Borgess of Detroit, made by hundreds of Polish Catholics who were infuriated by his removal of one of their favorite priests.

The Champion Pancake Eater.

We publish this week a sketch with his portrait of Oliver Woodgo, of Hell Gate, Montana, who is backed to eat thirteen dozen pancakes, large size, at one meal.

The French Turf.

The Duc de Castries is, for the third year in succession, at the head of the list of winning turf owners in France, though with a much lower total than last year or the year before. The sum placed to his credit is about £14,000



HE FELT HIMSELF SLIGHTED.

MR. MAX RESLER MAKES IT HOT FOR A DILATORY WAITER AT A HUNGARIAN WEDDING FEAST.



THE CHAMPION PANCAKE EATER.

MR. OLIVER WOODGO, OF HELL GATE, MONTANA, POLISHES OFF THIRTEEN DOZEN AT A MEAL.

GIDDY CHORUS GIRLS.

How the American Stage Supplies Raw Material for the American Demi-Monde.

Much ado among the chorus girls in two burlesque and two comic operas in this city is caused by the death of Sadie Cortelyou, whose end was the climax of a typically gay career, though it lasted only two years. She was in "Evangeline," and the sentimental relations between the bevy of pretty girls in that place and their dude admirers became so open and offensive in sight of the audience that Manager Rice one night imposed a fine of \$5 on each culprit. Not only glances that were by no means shy were constantly bestowed



Mashing from the stage.

by the actresses on their acquaintances in the front seats, but spoken communications were not uncommon. Similar laxity was noted in "Adonis," where the minor actresses belonged to the same circle of associates off the stage. In the case of "Amorita" a stand against public flirtation was taken by the enforcement of a rule against flowers being banded to the stage, and the girls were compelled to ignore their suitors while on duty in the opera. Until the depart-



The Broadway prowl.

ure of D'Oyley Carte was followed by the absence of his agent, Miss Lenoir, the discipline in "The Mikado" was extremely strict, but afterward the performers got to amusing themselves on the stage, while some of those who had solo parts became very giddy in Broadway on the promenade. At the recent matinee for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, a "little maid from school" diverted herself and a goodly portion of the audience by ogling, from her proscenium box, Governor Hill as he sat opposite. Mr. Hill paid no attention, but could not have failed to see what was so palpable to



Flirting with Gov. Hill.

everybody else. More dignified and circumspect members of the profession, together with the managers, have greatly regretted the scandalous depths



After the opera is over.

to which the majority of the chorus girls have lately fallen. An inspection of the worst-reputed restaurants in the theatre-neighborhood at midnight reveals that the eating and drinking companions of most of the rich young fellows about town are these reckless wearers of tights. But the death of Sadie Cortelyou, a vivacious and popular member of their fraternity, has startled them. The heartlessness of her abandonment by the man responsible for her illness, her dying



In her coffin.

advice to several of them who were present, and the direct appeal for reform in their conduct by the Rev. Dr. McArthur at the funeral, impressed them considerably. Four old and respected actresses belonging to stock companies in this city, but who do not desire a personal mention that would lay them open to a charge of seeking to advertise themselves, have undertaken to visit all the chorus girls and talk in an expository and advisory manner with them. They have enlisted the interest of the Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the Little Church Around the Corner, and the Rev. Drs. A. MacArthur and Crosby, who will do what they can to bring the errant ones under religious influences. With the example of Sadie Cortelyou fresh



The old actress missionary.

before them, a temporary reform is likely to result. At all events, the managers directly concerned seem determined to stop the public improprieties that have become the common talk of the town.

CERTAINLY LYNCH THEM.

Two Tennessee Negroes Put up a Job on an Unsuspecting White Girl.

On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 13, Agnes Lester, aged fourteen, the daughter of F. E. Lester, a farmer living two miles east of Bartlett, near Memphis, was induced by Henrietta Williams, a colored girl, to leave her home for the purpose of meeting a negro named Tom Jones. Agnes, who is a buxom girl for her age, was taken by Jones to the house of Bill Taylor, another negro, where she was found at daylight the next morning by Deputy Sheriff Pulliam. The officer, on entering the house of Taylor, found both Agnes and Jones in their night clothes. There was only one room to the house and one bed in the room. He arrested Jones and Taylor, also Henrietta Williams, and lodged them in the jail at Bartlett. Agnes was sent to her father's house. All day threats of lynching the negroes were made, but no decisive action taken, due principally to the action of the father of the girl, who showed no disposition to wreak vengeance on the culprits. Fearing that time would develop a leader for the outraged citizens, the officers took the three prisoners to Memphis and lodged them in jail for safe keeping. Agnes Lester is well connected in the county, and her mother is a granddaughter of Gov. Cannon, of Tennessee.

THE WIDOW AND THE BARBER.

Mrs. Brown's Tonsorial Suitor Tries to Come the Razor Act on her.

John Oakley is a Chicago barber of some credit and little renown. Mrs. Brown keeps furnished rooms at the corner of Illinois and Wells street, in the same city. She is well preserved and just short of handsome. Mr. Oakley is madly, frantically in love with Mrs. Brown. The lady neither reciprocates his affection nor encourages it. In fact she is bored with it and has repelled her ardent suitor upon every occasion. Indeed, so unappreciative has she been that she has shut herself up time and again to avoid him and his protestations. Still, Mrs. Brown is human, and it is hardly within the scope of female human nature to remain untouched by so much ardor and devotion even when professed by a Teutonic knight of the razor, with the not unusual encumbrance of a wife and child in fatherland. And so it was that the tender sympathies of Mrs. Brown went so much out toward this hopeless passion that she repulsed it with gentleness, though firm withal, until the German became too ardent, too demonstrative, too attentive and generally too-too all around, and then she caused his arrest. He was fined by the very practical and not sentimental Justice Kersten, who, in default of payment, sent the forlorn lover to jail. All this was during the latter part of cool October last past. But the prison bars had no power to dampen the ardor of John Oakley, and from behind them he wrote a letter to his love, containing fume, frenzy and much protestation, and concluding with an earnest appeal that she would marry him. Mrs. Brown, as is her careful custom, put the letter on file and left John Oakley in jail.

All things terrestrial have an end, and so did the incarceration of this most ardent lover. Released at last, he again began the siege. If Mrs. Brown went out in the morning the barber was on the corner to meet her. If she went to church he was there with devotional men, and when she went to market the dishevelled hair and disordered visage of John Oakley appeared to her from behind a joint of beef or a defunct lamb.

"Last Sunday night," said Mrs. Brown, with an appealing look, "he began to manifest his love by ringing my door bell frequently and violently. When I went to the doorway I discovered Mr. Oakley through the darkness with something like a crown upon his head and a razor in his hand."

Mrs. Brown did not wait to take any careful observations. She shut the door and hid.

"And all that night," she said, "my peace of mind was destroyed by the tramp, tramp, tramp of John Oakley on my back porch, where he waited, armed with a razor, muttering threats against me."

These annoyances continued until Monday, and then Mrs. Brown's brother-in-law came upon the scene and was at once advised of the situation.

Mrs. Brown's brother-in-law, it would seem, is a determined man, and it has been remarked of him that having anything to do he generally does it. In this instance he raised the siege, and in so doing, after the manner of the stern parent as described by the modern paragrapher, he also raised John Oakley—with his boot. An intelligent and trustworthy witness, who does not wish to be understood as saying anything in the least degree derogatory to Mrs. Brown's brother-in-law, is authority for the statement that when John Oakley lit he was raised again and again, each time with such injury to his personal appearance that in the end he looked as though he had incidentally met a Kansas zephyr. In that condition he was turned over to the police.

The case came up before Justice Kersten, and Lawyer Hansbrogher, who appeared for Mr. Oakley, moved for a short continuance. This being denied a change of venue was procured to Justice Hawkinson, to whose court room all hands went with blood in their eyes. The too ardent wooer was granted a continuance by the court and bound over in \$300.

HOW A POST-MORTEM IS MADE.

The Artistic Way in Which a Stiff is Carved up for Scientific Purposes.

Few persons upon reading an account of a post-mortem examination stop to consider the importance of the matter or the time taken up to do the work of an autopsy, says the Baltimore Sun. The post-mortem surgeons are important officers, who make all the medico-legal examinations for the city, and are the medical witnesses for the State in cases where post-mortem examinations are required. There are two post-mortem physicians in Baltimore, Dr. S. V. Hoopman, for the ten lower wards, and Dr. L. W. Councilman, for the ten upper wards.

A reporter, wishing to witness the post-mortem work, called on Dr. Hoopman a short time ago just as he was starting to perform such a duty. The case was a very important one, being one of the late murders committed in the eastern section of the city. Arriving at the house, about twenty medical students were found, who accompanied Dr. Hoopman to the room where the dead body lay. A table was prepared by covering it with an oil-cloth. The clothing was removed from the body and it was placed on the table. The doctor carefully inspected the corpse and noted all wounds, which in this case were found to be three, two bullet wounds and one knife gash. The head was first examined. An incision was made from ear to ear over the top of the head, followed by a gush of blood, which made some of the spectators remember that they were needed outside for a moment. The scalp was reflected backward and forward and the skull exposed. The skull was then sawed around on a line with the eyebrows.

When the top of the skull was removed the doctor took out the brain. That beautiful organ, with its fissures and convolutions, was a mass of blood, the fatal bullet having plowed its way diagonally through it. An inspection of the neck showed that another bullet had entered at the back, passing through toward the front, severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. The next move was to make a large incision from the chin down to the naval. The breast-bone was dissected and the heart and lungs taken out for inspection. After carefully examining the heart, the doctor remarked that "the columns carne, chordae tendineae, and auriculo-ventricular and semi-lunar valves are all healthy." The lungs were found healthy. A piece thrown in water would not sink, which the doctor said was a test for healthy lungs. The stomach, liver, spleen, pancreas and intestines were all carefully removed and inspected. All this completed, the organs

were replaced and the incisions carefully sewed up. So completely is this done that when the body is dressed the fact of a post-mortem examination having been made is not apparent.

"How many post-mortems have you made during the year?" asked the reporter.

"About forty, and about one hundred since I have been making post-mortems."

Glancing at the watch, it was found that four hours had been occupied in performing the interesting examination. Post-mortem physicians are appointed yearly, their selection being made by the mayor. In each case they file a report of the autopsy at the health department.

EIGHT YEARS FOR A PAWNBROKER.

The Favorite Uncle of Chicago's Most Noted Crooks Knows how it is Himself.

Andre Andrews, known to the Chicago crooks for years as "The Original," was sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years, Dec. 21. Nearly all the pawnbrokers of the city were present, and protested that the punishment of their chief was an outrage. Andrews broke down and sobbed like a child as he was being led to jail. All that money could do was done in his behalf, and a last effort will be made in an appeal to the Supreme Court. Andrews, is the Plutus of Chicago pawnbrokers. The police have failed for years in their vigilant endeavors to get him behind the bars, while he, pursuing his Mandelbaum methods, has amassed a big fortune. From shadowing him they took to cultivating his friendship, and for two years he has given many a customer into the clutches of the detectives to prove his value as a moral reformer. One day last summer James Murray, an ex-convict, who had been liberated only a week, was arrested for complicity in the burglary of a jewelry store. Some of the stolen goods were found on his person. He confessed his guilt, and informed the police that Andrews had inspired the crime. The day he returned from State prison, Murray said, Andrews met him, and, ridiculing his ragged appearance, advised him to make a haul somewhere. Andrews planned the raid upon the store and added: "You bring the plunder to me and I will take care of it for you." Another lot of the missing wares was discovered in Andrews' safe, substantiating Murray's story. Both men were arrested.

One day a little boy paused in front of Murray's cell and handed him a fresh-baked cake. Suspecting nothing Murray ate it. Shortly afterward he was prostrated. The cake was charged with morphine, and a stomach-pump was required to save the prisoner's life. An investigation showed that the boy who gave Murray the cake was Andrews' nephew, but the detectives were unable to fix the conspiracy on Andrews. Murray was convicted of burglary and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and mainly on his testimony Andrews was convicted.

FLEEING A CONGRESSMAN.

Mr. Doxey, of Indiana, is Roped into a Losing Game of Poker.

In games of cards Congressmen are not averse to fleeing their fellow-members, and a story is current of how an attempt was made to cheat ex-Congressman Doxey, of Indiana, out of \$34,000 during his congressional term of sixty days, when he filled the unexpired term of Godlove S. Orth. Mr. Doxey is well known as a speculator and he carried on some speculative operations while he was in Congress. He was then worth about \$400,000. One day he made a deal in which his profits amounted to \$34,000. He received the draft for this amount while at the House of Representatives and indiscreetly showed it to a couple of fellow-congressmen whom he regarded as his friends. This was in the afternoon and Congress was to sit all night, as it was the last day of the session. Between this and evening these two congressmen hatched a plot to get Doxey's money. They combined with one of the most daring gamblers in Washington, a man who now owns a place there. The scheme was to treat Mr. Doxey early in the evening, get him to drink as much as possible and then about midnight propose a game of poker in one of the committee rooms to while away the time. They were to allow Doxey to win small sums for a time until the gambler above spoken of should enter and be introduced into the game as their friend. He was to bring with him a large amount of money, from \$50,000 to \$75,000. This he was to hold in reserve until Doxey, having a good hand, might be induced to stake the \$34,000 draft. They would raise the stake \$10,000 or \$20,000 higher, and as Mr. Doxey would not have such an amount on hand they could take his money. It happened, however, that a part of their conversation in regard to the matter was overheard and a newspaper man who was a friend of Mr. Doxey reported the scheme to him. This was about 10 o'clock and they had commenced operations. As soon as Doxey heard of it he went to them and charged them with their perfidy and told them he wanted nothing more to do with them. They stammered in denying it, but it was evident from the blushes on their faces that they were guilty.

ASSAULTED BY A NEGRO.

One more Lustful Darkey Becomes a Candidate for His Honor Judge Lynch.

Intense excitement prevails at Scotia, in Ohio, over the abduction and subsequent maltreatment of a charming girl residing between there and Stormstown. Recently Miss Laura A. Sweeney, daughter of a prominent and wealthy farmer, and the acknowledged belle of the vicinity, started from her father's dwelling to visit a friend who lived about a quarter of a mile from her home. As the night wore on and his daughter did not return, Mr. Sweeney, apprehensive lest some harm had befallen her, went to his neighbor's and found that she had not been there. The half-crazed father and a few friends searched for the missing girl all night, but without success. Next morning Miss Sweeney returned home in a pitiable condition. Her clothes were torn into shreds, her body was shockingly bruised and lacerated, and her face was covered with a number of scratches and cuts. She related to her father how she had been assaulted by a negro just after leaving sight of her home. He had forced a handkerchief into her mouth, and carried her to a hut a few yards from the road sheltered from view by dense underbrush, and had not left her until morning. The hut was visited, but no trace of the negro could be found. Mr. Sweeney is almost distracted by grief, and will surely cause the negro's summary execution in case the latter is captured. Miss Sweeney's life is despaired of.

The Hells of New York.

A Vivid and Exciting Story,
Founded on Facts, of the Perils
and Pitfalls of the Great
Metropolis.

CHAPTER IV. THE DRY GOODS HELL.

As Georgie stood on the edge of West street and watched the bustling scene a smile of triumph came over her face. She felt like a strong and ambitious swimmer who sees beneath him a new sheet of water over which he is positive he will achieve the mastery.

There she was, an utter stranger in the great metropolis, with no other friend than the timid, shrinking girl who clutched her hand. Her back was resolutely and even defiantly turned on her home and parents. Before her, a boundless prospect, extended her future. It was a thrilling moment in her life and for a little while she dwelt, lost in silent thought, on the new and startling position in which she found herself.

Fortunately for the girls, the sum which their wild young abductor sent them as a token of his penitence and consideration was so large that one of the most serious of anxieties was absent from the question. Perhaps no country damsels have ever made their metropolitan entree under circumstances so favorable or auspicious as flattering from a pecuniary point of view.

Like most Long Island girls, for all her giddiness and recklessness, Georgie Grey was an uncommonly shrewd and calculating little party. She was in fact a natural born business woman who, when she got over the first sensation of handling more money than she had ever expected to see in all her life, was by no means inclined to waste the fortune so strangely and romantically acquired.

It was the same quality of mind which, in a strange community and unfamiliar scenes, enabled her, by sunset that night, to discover a comfortable apartment for herself and her companion on Thirteenth street, not far from Second avenue. There the two fugitives established their home, fitting themselves out most comfortably and abundantly at the expense of the gift of the repentant Jibyard.

For the first week of their sojourn in New York they made no attempt to seek employment, devoting the entire time to getting acquainted with the great and wonderful city in which they had alighted. The fact that they made no parade of their money, and that they professed to be a couple of country girls who had saved up just enough money to come to New York and learn the dressmaking trade, effectually quieted any suspicions which might have been entertained by their landlady or their fellow-lodgers.

It was during this holiday period that, to their great alarm, they came across Mr. Jibyard. It was in Central Park, and he was making a desperate but at times futile attempt to drive a magnificent team of horses. They were terribly frightened and ready to sink into their shoes. Fortunately the young millionaire was in such an advanced state of intoxication (for it was at least 3 o'clock in the afternoon) that he would not have recognized his own face had he seen it in a mirror, much less the countenances of our heroine and her companion.

On the next Monday Georgie and Fanny, not without certain queer and unusual sensations, began their work-day career as saleswomen in the big house of Ward, Schuyler & Nichols on Grand street. They were engaged, on making application, by the manager of the fancy goods department, a red-faced and greasy-whiskered Englishman, who had a keen eye for beauty. The Irish complexion and the artless manners of the two girls captured him at once.

"You won't have much to do 'ere me dears," was his complimentary instructions, "except to look yer bloom'n' prettiest and get the 'ang of the price list. This 'ere department is werry 'ighly patronized by swell gents as expects a pleasant word hor a vinnin' smile to be thrown bin with the harticles they purchases. 'Ave yer hever 'eard of Splashes & Ponds's hestabliments in Hengland?"

They had to confess that they never had.

"Vell," continued their superior, as he pulled at his uncouth whiskers, and winked at them in a very knowing manner, "Splashes and Ponds's young ladies are selected for their charms of intellect and person. They are both hornamental and usefule, ye know. In the caffays in which these 'ouries is hengaged, the bale they draw and the spirits wot they 'and out isn't no better nor more valuable than a similar harticle sold helsewhere. But being remarkably 'andsome gals, with stunning air and heyebrows, and hay No. 1 manner—to say nothink of complexion, has a bloom'n' bold dowager would give diamonds for—they draws the custom of hevery gent as 'as got a heyre for the beautiful and a 'eart to be 'impressed by a vinnin' smile. It'll be your duty, me dears, to make this 'ere department the most hattractive place in the 'ole hestablimment. Tip 'em yer 'andsome when they talk business, and even with a small tooth comb chuck in 'arf a dollars worth of meanin' looks."

Georgie listened to this summary of her new duties with an amazed countenance. Nor was her surprise lessened when the fascinating Mr. Enery 'Olmes, as he called himself, squeezed her arm and flatteringly remarked that he'd be blowed if she wasn't his proper style.

The goods over which Georgie and Fannie were placed as custodians and saleswomen included every variety of what is known as fancy articles. The department employed some fifteen "young ladies" and was as liberally patronized by bald-headed old men and rattle-pated young ones as by customers of the other sex. All "the young ladies" were good-looking, although none of them came up to Georgie in personal appearance. They dressed remarkably well—seeing that their salaries averaged about nine dollars a week apiece—and two of them delighted to provoke the lil-cooled envy of the rest by wearing small diamond solitaires as earrings. Gold watches and chains and rings were universal. It seemed, also, that the most of them enjoyed life in the most thorough-going manner. They were expert theatrical critics, knew where the most fun could be got at Coney Island, and were not slow to admit that they occasionally went out buggy riding on Sundays.

These belles of the fancy goods department did not hesitate to speak their contempt for the girls who waited on the dry-goods buying public in other parts of the store. Most of these latter were plain, uninteresting creatures, who simply knew their business and did it. With their better-looking, more idle and insolent sisters, they had nothing whatever to do.

Georgie had not been very long in her new place before she discovered that most of the girls in her department had regular and favored customers, of the trowser-wearing sex, who would spend sometimes as much as three-quarters of an hour over the purchase of a tobacco pouch, a thermometer or a paper knife. They were evenly made up of very young men and very old ones. Some of the latter were of that queer and repulsive class who 'ave their whiskers and wear snuff-colored wigs as if to caricature their wasted and vanished prime. Georgie noticed that when one of her comrades was honored with a visit by one of her "regulars" that mere casual purchasers, especially ladies, who really wanted to buy and buy a considerable quantity, had no show whatever, but were compelled to go elsewhere, or if they persisted were treated with a degree of insolence which a royal fink would have found it hard to surpass.

Her own beauty soon made the Long Island belle a marked figure among her fellows at the fancy goods counter, and it she had encouraged them, she might have had a train of admirers three times as large as that of the next prettiest "sales lady" in the whole establishment. One of her devotees was particularly faithful and attentive. He was a grotesque looking old chap, with false teeth, thin white whiskers, sunken eyes, with the reddest of lids, a stoop, a paralytic limp and silly senile leer. He was, so she found out from one of her envious neighbors, a rich old iron founder, who had ridged from business and who devoted all his spare time and a good deal of his spare cash to the business of fascinating or "mashing" young girls. It would have been absurd to regard him as a dangerous libertine, seeing that he had married grandchildren and shook with palsy like a blade of tottering grass. But he was never so happy as when "dining" a pretty girl or taking her out for a drive, stealthily and secretly.

Day after day would this time-worn and decayed old reprobate toddle into the store, show his false teeth with a smile so gruesome and ghastly that you could actually hear his jaws creak, and hint his admiration of Georgie's many charms while pretending to buy some article for which he had no earthly use. Poor Georgie, however, was disgusted instead of flattered by his addresses, and confined her conversation with him to the curtest monosyllables.

The old fellow got nettled after awhile and made some complaint to the oleaginous Enery 'Olmes. "See 'ere, me dear," protested that amiable gentleman. "This 'ere 'aughty disposition of yours is hall out of keepin' with the dooties yer 'e expected to fulfill in this 'ere department. Hall the other young ladies 'as got the 'ang of it downright proper and the 'ouse can't 'afford to 'ave no hexceptions to the general rule."

"What have I done?" inquired Georgie, in amazement.

"Oh! It isn't what you've done, me dear," continued Mr. 'Olmes with a majestic wave of his flabby right paw. "It isn't what you've done. It's what you 'ave'n't done that meets with my disapprobation. As the reckernized 'ead of this 'ere department I've given you full instructions, and them instructions 'as got to be carried hout foot compay, as they say in French. You've got to 'umor our customers—that's what you've got to do. The vinnin' smile and the meaning look 'ave got to be chucked bin for hall they're worth—has I hexplained to you when you first come 'ere. Be good enough to attend to this, me dear, and don't never let no such complaints be made to me again by hold customers of the 'ouse as 'ad their feelings 'urt and their complimentary badvances slighted."

So saying, with a big protrusion of his chest and stomach, Mr. 'Olmes concluded his admonition. Georgie talked the matter over with Fanny that night, and after some debate the two girls made up their minds that the course of action marked out for them was, in all probability, one of the rules of business, so, with certain unpleasant misgivings, they determined to carry it out in the future.

The natural consequence was that Georgie's end of the counter became a shrine at which numberless young duds and antiquated mashers worshipped all day long.

The effect of her change of manner, so far as Mr. 'Olmes was concerned, was equally perceptible. He beamed graciously on her as he waddled past, patted her now and then on the hair or cheek and was kind enough to remark that she was "doing fust rate," as he put it. Day after day his greasy smile grew more and more extensive, and he got in the habit, when there was a lull in business, of holding conversations with Georgie, which he punctuated with all sorts of grins and winks and other fascinating gestures.

One evening, as Georgie and her friend (who faithfully, and with undisguised admiration, followed in her footsteps), was leaving the store, weary and tired, whom should they encounter on the next corner, but the gallant 'Olmes. He was dressed in the height of east side style (which is a sort of extravagant travesty or burlesque of whatever fashion may be prevalent on Fifth avenue). On his shiny head, cocked over his left eye in the most "knowing" way possible to conceal was a silk hat with an outrageous polish due (so it was whispered by his detractors) to a copious anointing with vaseline. A Rhine stone solitaire sparkled in his sky blue scarf, and the pattern of the checks on his trouser legs suggested the grating which bars the window of a dungeon cell. He wore terracotta gloves on hands of hamlike size and shape, and he carried a gold-headed cane that was extremely imposing in more senses than one. His high collar gave him a sort of strangled appearance. Indeed, taken with his round red face, it gave him the appearance of an exceptionally fine sunset disappearing over the edge of a whitewashed fence.

It was with a most bewilderingly delightful smile that this paragon of elegance removed a cheap cigar of the genuine Avenue A brand, from between his lips, and with a bow which would have made a Schenectady dancing-master turn green with envy, remarked:

"Foine bevening, me dear."
"Very fine," replied Georgie, a trifle startled.
"Going to walk 'ome?" was his next observation. They were.

"You must hallow me the 'onor, really," insisted the gallant 'Olmes. "I've never 'ad the pleasure of a conversation houtside business hours, me dear, and 'pon my word, I can't 'afford to throw away the present hooportunity, you know."

Georgie felt anything but pleased. As for poor little Fannie she turned crimson with mortification. But all this was thrown away upon their gallant escort.

"Pon me word," he went on, "if I do say it meself has should'n't, there's a good many of the young ladies has would give their wery heyres cut of their 'eads for a promenade, a peed, as they say in French, with yours truly. But 'ave to be werry careful who I hassociate with, Miss Grey," and here he winked with great meaning and effect. "It wouldn't do to be familiar with heverybody in my position. Werry naturally a young lady as is honored, we'll say, by hany little attention as I may choose to show 'er, why she naturally thinks she's got a bloom'n' mortgage on the 'ole department, don't you see?"

Of course they saw.
"Now what I want to arrange," continued Mr. 'Olmes, with another volley of snicks and leers, "is a charming little tie, as we say in French, with some young lady in the department as won't 'ave 'er 'ead turned by the familiarities, and as won't undertake to run things in consequence. If I could find such a young lady in the department—pretty and nice and good taste and hall that sort of thing, me dear—why, she'd never 'ave no reason for to regret the connection, really."

Here Mr. 'Olmes slyly pinched Georgie's arm with an emphasis there was no misunderstanding. At the same time a more than usually uncouth smile, like a wave of warm, liquid grease, went over his shiny and smirking visage.

"Dyer ketch bon, as the cads say?" was Mr. 'Olmes' next speech. "It's one of the perquisites of the reckernized 'ead of a department to take his hanything that suits 'is fancy so long as it isn't agin the good of the 'ouse. Now, I've fancied you a good deal, Grey, hever since you hoocepted your preent position. I'm stuck on yer figger. It's a reg'lar Venus de Mile End, has the hartist said. And your face haren't bad. It's not hexactly classic, don't yer know, and it haren't standard, but it's rawther striking and it's just my kind, any 'ow. Take you haltogether Grey, a reckernized 'ead of a department when 'e's 'untin' for a perquisite might go a good deal further and fare worse."

Georgie was too astonished and confused to reply.
"You haren't as hagle in hintellect has I thought you was," said Mr. 'Olmes, after a while, a trifle contemptuously. "You don't happear to grasp the situation. Do you know wot I'm drivin' at? Do you understand the drift of mej hallegorical and figgerative conversation, Grey?"

"I think I do," responded Georgie, meekly and doubtfully.

"You do, hay?" and a smile of delighted vanity beamed from her superior's extensive countenance. "Well, Grey, wot d'you think I'm drivin' at, me good girl?"

"I suppose," was Georgie's answer, as she blushed and averted her face, "that you have been good enough to make me an offer of marriage."

Mr. 'Olmes stopped short, opened his eyes, clutched at his brim, dropped his cane, emitted a shrill whistle, and in the tone of a man who had never been surprised in his life before, exclaimed:

"A hoffer of marriage! Well, I'm blowed!"

Next week will be faithfully and graphically described the cold-blooded way in which the Merchant Princes of New York attempt the ruin of their female employees.

SHE REPENTED OF HER BARGAIN.

A Foolish Old Woman Robbed and Deserted by her Young Husband.

Kate McDonough came to Erie, Pa., from Ireland a number of years ago and worked in the laundry at the Reed House, almost from the time she came here till a short time ago. During the term of her arduous service she managed to lay up \$1,000. Although a woman of fifty years of age she listened to the wooings of Bartley Canovan and abandoned her life of single blessedness. Drawing her money from a bank she furnished a house and set out with her husband to lead a new and as she hoped an easier one, for her husband was but twenty-five, and being quite strong would be able to support her well in her old age. Canovan turned out to be a profligate, and succeeded in getting his wife's money away, a few dollars at a time, till the roll was wasted to \$500. This amount his wife had succeeded in hiding away until recently, when she incautiously through her concern about her dress pointed it out as a receptacle of the money. Canovan arose during the night, dressed himself, took his wife's garment and climbing through the window, to avoid arousing his wife, went to a neighboring shed and there searched the garment till he discovered the money neatly sewed up in the lining. The money was secured, the dress left in the shed and since then Bartley has been missing. His wife is entirely destitute and the young villain borrowed money at the neighboring stores and obtained other credits upon his wife's standing before robbing her.

THIS TIME IT WASN'T THE MINISTER.

But the Leader of the Choir got in his Fine Work with the Dominie's Daughter.

Rev. J. W. Davis, who came to Huron, Dakota, from Ruda, Ill., recently and assumed charge of the Baptist Church, has an interesting and pretty daughter. The leader of the choir is N. E. Reed, a prominent lawyer. He began giving the pastor's daughter lessons in music, but his friendly relations with the family were suddenly cut short on Dec. 20, when the minister published the following card in the Huron Times:

"I feel it my duty to make known the facts, that my daughter may be defended in society, and that the wretched man who attempted her ruin may appear in his true light. Ever since my arrival in Huron Mr. Reed has affected a growing Christian experience, for the development of which he has sought my counsel and help. In this way he has kept me affectionately and trustingly near him as a spiritual adviser. While his generous friendship in providing comfort in our home has been a pledge of his sincerity, just as fast as he could do so, with cunning and advantage, he has sought to secure the confidence and affections of my daughter, and blinded both her and her parents to his true purpose by a constantly increasing religious ardor. The game culminated and revealed its real object on last Thursday night, in a determined effort to gain her consent to elope with him. He was at once dismissed from the house forever."

The affair has caused much comment there. Reed has a wife and a twelve-year-old son. The young lady is highly respected. Reed joined the church three weeks ago, and was baptized by Davis.

A MYSTERIOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

She Makes Things Lively for the Neighborhood by Pretending to be a Ghost.

The people in the vicinity of Seneca, Kan., are perplexed over a mystery which, in many respects, has never had a counterpart in that section of the country. Walker Drowns is a very well-to-do farmer who lived until a few days ago in Granada township. He stood well among his neighbors, and his wife was highly esteemed. She and her sister, Miss Nellie McCarthy, were school teachers in the vicinity before her marriage to Drowns, and after that event Nellie went to live with them at their home in Granada. The family appeared to be a happy one. Two years ago this fall Miss McCarthy disappeared very suddenly, and although her relatives spoke lightly of her departure, as if it was nothing unexpected, the neighbors got the idea that there was a secret at the bottom of the affair. After the lapse of several months, however, the circumstances were almost forgotten, when interest in them was revived by an occurrence which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. On the night of Nov. 1, just two years from the time that Miss McCarthy disappeared, a neighbor of Mr. Drowns had occasion to visit the Drowns residence. The night was dark and rainy, but as he walked toward the house he thought he saw in the light that streamed from one of the windows a human form crouching near the dwelling. He paused for some minutes and watched the object until he was sure that he was not mistaken, and then, approaching nearer, he called out: "Hello, there! Who are you?" There was a rustling in the dripping bushes, and when the visitor had reached the spot the stranger had vanished in the darkness.

Going into the house, the neighbor told Mr. Drowns of the circumstance, and the two men made a search of the yard and the buildings adjacent, but found nothing unusual. The next night, soon after dark, the watch-dog began barking furiously, and, though Mr. Drowns sallied out and endeavored to pacify the beast, he was unsuccessful. All night long the faithful animal continued its yells and howls, and sleep in the house was out of the question. In the morning Mr. Drowns found that four or five of his hogs were dead in their pens. On the following night the dog was quiet until about midnight, when it began again, and though Mr. Drowns made a tour of his place, he found no intruder. Toward morning the dog became quiet, and when its owner went out in the morning he found that the beast had died. Becoming thoroughly alarmed, the farmer resolved on sitting up and making an effort to fathom the mystery. He secured the services of his hired man and those of a neighbor, and all arming themselves thoroughly they waited for a demonstration without making an examination of the yard and the buildings frequently as the night progressed. Having found nothing in any of their searches, they became sleepy after midnight, and sat in their chairs in the dining-room snoring, when there was a thump on the side of the house, which aroused them from their slumbers and sent them out, guns in hand, in something of a panic. Nobody was to be seen, but under the window was a stone weighing two pounds which had been thrown against the house, and which accounted for the noise. Thoroughly mystified, the three men re-entered the house, turned the light low, and waited. An hour later they saw the slats on the east window open, and beheld two eyes peeping through. Each man grabbed his gun, but before the weapons could be raised the apparition had vanished.

On the next night the men stationed themselves out of doors, waiting until darkness made it an easy matter for them to hide. Drowns hid in a dry goods box on the east side of the house. Melvin Young, a neighbor, took up his position under a bush just west of the house, and Sam Griffin, the hired man, hid in the smoke house to the rear, where he could observe the entire back yard. At about ten o'clock Young observed a figure creeping slowly toward the house from the orchard, and after making sure that it was a human being he called out:

"Who's there?"

Receiving no answer, though the object came to a halt, he said:

"Answer, or I'll fire!"

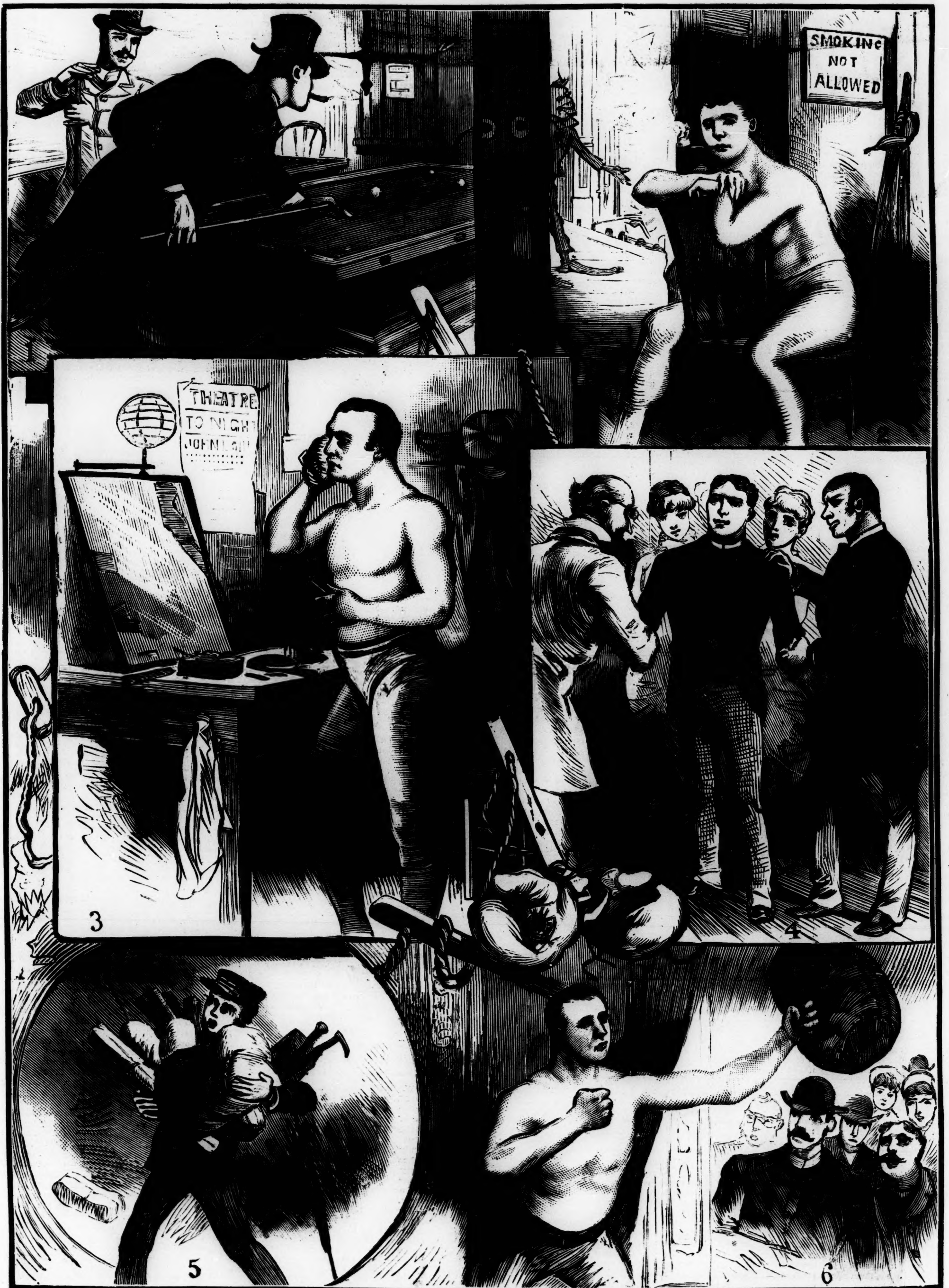
The object turned to run in the direction of the orchard, and Young, raising his rifle, fired. The report brought the other men and Mrs. Drowns to the spot, and the pursuit was continued. Drowns spying the fugitive, raised his gun and fired, and a moment later Young fired again. This time there was a piercing scream, followed by the shriek:

"My God! You have killed me!"

Mrs. Drowns appears to have recognized the voice, for she rushed past the men, bidding them at the same time to cease shooting, and coming up to the fugitive, she raised the head and beheld her own sister, Nellie McCarthy. The men bore the girl to the house, where it was discovered that she had two revolvers and a bottle of strychnine. Her wound was in the muscles of the right leg, just above the knee, and was pronounced not serious by the physician who was summoned. For more than a week the whole affair was kept a secret, and when it finally leaked out and the neighbors began to manifest a curiosity to see the young woman, she had gone, and the Drownses were unwilling to talk about the matter. A little later Mr. Drowns sold all his property, and with his wife moved away.

While speculation as to the cause of all this disturbance was rife, and many theories were indulged in, the editor of a local paper added fresh fuel to the blaze by publishing a letter from Miss Nellie, which was postmarked at Council Bluffs, but which beyond that contained no intimation as to her whereabouts. After denying that she is insane, and intimating that she had suffered much, she says: "Though not insane, the memory of cruel wrongs, bitter sorrows and dark despair which I could not drive away, was sufficient to have caused insanity. I do not expect redress or justice. I may not vindicate myself now, for I was silent too long. For the sake of others I thought I could bear it alone and make no outcry, but that counts against me and gives my enemies the vantage ground now. But it will be mine throughout eternity. That has been the only ray of light in all this darkness. That has kept me from madness."

The letter is beautifully written as regards the penmanship, and the style is not that of a person demented. Besides the other singular features of the episode, one of the most mysterious things about this case is how the girl could have stayed in this neighborhood so long and not have been discovered. Nobody saw her come. Nobody knows where she stayed during the days and nights she was haunting the Drowns house. Nobody saw her go away.



THE CHAMPIONS IN TOWN.

THE KINGS OF THE PRIZE RING SHOW NEW YORKERS THEIR MANLY FORMS ON THE THEATRICAL STAGE.

I.—Sullivan at Play. II.—Mitchell in the Wings. III.—Sullivan Making up for the Stage. IV.—Dempsey Welcomed Home by His Old Friends. V.—Christmas Presents for the Champion. VI.—McCaffrey's Exhibition on the Bowery.



THE JUDGES' SNUGGERY.

THE COSY AND SACRED RESORT IN WHICH THE SUPREME COURT BENCH SPENDS ITS OFF HOURS SAFE FROM VULGAR INTRUSION.



"AH THERE! COLONEL."

A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN OF TRENTON, N. J., HAS AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE ON THE PUBLIC STREETS.



EIGHT DAYS AT THE PUMPS.

THE TERRIBLE SITUATION TO WHICH THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER JAMES T. MORSE WAS REDUCED.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Chas. E. Davies has a coming man in Killen, who appears to settle every boxer he meets.

Pat Killen nearly knocked George Gray, a bricklayer, out according to Queensbury rules, at Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 21. Chief of Police Whelan stopped the fight at the third round.

Mickey Donnelly, of Walla Walla, formerly of New York, the well-known pugilist, recently called at this office. He desires to return thanks to Captain Jack Wolf, John Early, of Boyce City, and Ed Corigan, of Idaho. Donnelly is on a visit to this city and will then return to West.

Charley Mitchell, the famous pugilist, appeared for the first time in the status in this city last week, and made a decided hit. His representations were done artistically, and in his circles he showed the way that ancient bruiser might have looked after an Italian scrapper had got in his work on him.

Dominick McCaffrey, the well-known pugilist, appeared to crowded houses at the New York Museum, New York, on Dec. 21 and made quite a hit. Louis Nickman caught on, engaging the popular pugilist just at the time Sullivan and Mitchell were billed at the Grand Opera House and Third Avenue theatre.

It is reported that Tom Kearns has put up \$250 for a fight with Ryan, and Hugh Kelly, of Washington, put up a like amount on Sullivan, for a fight for either \$5,000, \$10,000 or \$20,000, with bare knuckles, to a finish, London or Queensbury rules. Kearns and Kelly are to each deposit \$2,500, and the articles of agreement will be drawn. Sullivan said that he was doing very well in the posing business, and after his engagement he would fight Ryan and follow up on consecutive nights with McCaffrey, Mitchell, Burke and all who pine to get at him.

On Dec. 11 Billy Lynn and Phil Dawes fought, with gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000, at Black Diamond, W. T. The Seattle sporting men backed Dawes, while the miners of Black Diamond backed Lynn, and a large amount of money was wagered on the result. The fight was one of the most desperate ever witnessed. Sixty-nine rounds were fought in 4 hours 38 minutes, when Dawes' both eyes were closed and he fell bleeding and senseless in the ring. Dawes was 10 pounds heavier than Lynn.

A tremendous crowd of sporting men filled the sporting rooms of the Police Gazette office on Dec. 26, it being announced that Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and Jack Fogarty, Arthur Chambers' unknown were to arrange a match for \$1,000, and another match being on the tapis between Charley Holmes and Sam Collier, who have been challenging and counter-challenging during the past two weeks. Charley Mitchell was the first to arrive, and on being informed that Dempsey was ready to arrange a match, he stated that Dempsey had better meet La Blanche or some other pugilist and gain a reputation first. He said he had an engagement for two months and that it was paying him better than arranging matches at present. After Mitchell left, James Dillon, of Brooklyn, a well-known sporting man, who has backed Collier, Ryan, Campbell and a host of other pugilists, was present to assist in backing Collier. Later, Jack Dempsey with a large delegation, arrived. Accompanying the prize ring wonder was Jerry Dunn, Mike Hayes, Joe Coburn, Charley Holmes, E. F. Mallahan, Chas. Henshaw, Dave Campbell, Prof. M. Donovan, John Reagan, who had just come from the battle-field, where he conquered Fred English for a purse of \$500; Gus Tuthill, P. J. Donohue, John Shanley, Martin Dempsey and a host of others. Dempsey posted \$250 for a fight with Richard K. Fox to prove that he was willing to meet any pugilist in America except Sullivan. He stated that he was willing to meet Mitchell with or without gloves, prize ring rules or Queensbury rules, to a finish for \$2,500 a side, either private or public, and he would allow the members of the New York press to select the referee. Dempsey left the \$250 forfeit. Arthur Chambers was not present to arrange a match for his champion, Jack Fogarty, to meet Dempsey, but William E. Harding stated on Chambers' behalf that Richard K. Fox held \$250, and that if Dempsey was willing to arrange a match to fight for \$1,000 with gloves articles could be drawn and the match arranged. Gus Tuthill, Dempsey's backer stated that the stakes were not large enough, that Dempsey wanted to fight Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke or Dominick McCaffrey. Dempsey said he would fight Fogarty for \$2,500, and no less. W. E. Harding stated that he would notify Chambers in regard to Dempsey's intentions. After Dempsey had transacted his business, Richard K. Fox brought him into his private office and presented him with an elegant gold medal valued at \$250. The medal was sent to the jeweler's to have the following inscription put on it:

"Presented to Jack Dempsey, the champion middle-weight pugilist of the world, by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the Police Gazette, Jan. 1, 1886."

The medal has the American and Irish flags on each side, and is surrounded by a scroll, and in the center are two pugilists in a ring, after the trophy has been made more valuable it will be presented to Dempsey on New Year's Eve, at 11 A. M. at the Police Gazette office.

A grand testimonial benefit was tendered Monday evening, Dec. 21, at Chambers' "Champion's Rest," 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, to Tom Sterck, of London, Eng., and Jake Carter, the well-known and popular colored vocalist and sparrer, and the event of the evening was the set-to, 4 rounds, for scientific points, between the beneficiaries. A few minutes after 11 o'clock the contestants mounted the platform amidst hearty applause. Both men were in fine condition, Carter looking particularly fit.

Round 1—Carter took the initiative by leading cleverly and avoiding a return. He afterwards visited Sterck's bread-basket, and got away without a return, amidst applause. Sterck then warmed to the work, and some lively fighting ensued, Carter, owing to his excess of weight and reach, forcing Sterck to the ropes twice in succession, which led a few onlookers to think that Carter would do him up handily. Sterck was up as quick as he was down, and apparently as game as ever, though a trifle winded by Carter's lively rushes. Sterck rallied, and it was given and taken for several seconds, much to the satisfaction of the audience. Carter then watched his opportunity and got in a stinging right-hander on Sterck's face, knocking him against the ropes. As he recovered his balance "Time" was called by Arthur Chambers.

Round 2—Carter feinted with left, and reached well with his right, following with the left. Sterck rushed in, and in dodging Carter got the full force of a vicious uppercut, which staggered him, and made him shake his head. Carter then forced Sterck to the ropes, and pushed him down. While he was down, Carter (instead of taking the centre of the stage) struck at him, which aroused a howl of indignation and a general shout of "Foul-foul!" In the midst of the excitement the men went to their corners, and referee Jimmy Ryan said: "Caution both men that if another foul occurs I will give a decision against him." The men were ordered to continue, but the time elapsed before another blow was struck.

Round 3 and 4—In both these rounds Sterck had the best of the fighting, though Carter struggled gamely to force matters, and repeatedly swung his right with vicious intent. Sterck took matters coolly in both rounds, and in the last round he hit Carter when and how he pleased. Carter had evidently forced matters a little too lively for himself, as he weakened perceptibly, and at the finish made hardly any effort to prevent Sterck from hitting him. Sterck was magnanimous, and made the blows light, but effective. At the conclusion of the fourth round Referee Ryan said: "Sterck had the best of the last two rounds, and I give the fight in his favor." The decision was received with loud applause. To summarize, Carter had the best of the first round, doing nearly all the work; honors were equally divided in the second round, while in the third and fourth Sterck had manifestly the best of the fight. A match of this kind does not properly show Sterck's remarkable gameness and staying abilities, he was fresher in the fourth round than he was in the first and had two more rounds been fought, he would have been seen to still better advantage, and would have made mince-meat of Carter. He sparred with an injured right hand, compelling him to depend most entirely on the left. The audience was well pleased with his fine exhibition, and gave him a hearty round of applause as he left the platform. The importance of condition was shown by the fact that a few minutes later Sterck and Carter were obnoxious with their friends as if neither had taken part in a red-hot four-round glove contest.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK WE WILL PUBLISH A PRIZING CHRONOLOGY OF THE FISTIC ENCOUNTERS OF 1885.

- Jan. 1—John L. Sullivan appeared in the Lottery of Life at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Jan. 2—S. Bishop beaten by B. Melish, alias "Natty," knuckles, 25, \$25, near London, Eng., 12 rounds, 12 minutes.
- Jan. 2—J. Carney beat H. Jacobs, knuckles, \$500, 55 rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, London, Eng.
- Jan. 2—H. Downey beat G. Hamill, foul, gloves, \$100, 4 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.
- Jan. 2—G. Williams beat Young Carney, purse, 6 rounds, New York.
- Jan. 3—M. Flannigan beat P. McGinnis, hard gloves, 2 rounds, purse, Chicago.
- Jan. 3—Scarlet beat Y. Blakely, silver cup, gloves, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jan. 3—J. Blake beat J. Kearney, Trenton, N. J., 8 rounds.
- Jan. 3—J. Moore beat T. O'Leary, purse, 2 rounds, 2 minutes, Houston, Tex.
- Jan. 3—Jack Keefe beat John Donaldson, gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, 2 rounds, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
- Jan. 3—Jack Hughes, Dangerous Blacksmith, knocked Steve Williams out, 3 rounds.
- Jan. 3—P. McLean beat J. Barrett, gloves, \$200, Bay City, Mich.
- Jan. 5—J. Kilrain beat Jerry Murphy, gloves, 4 rounds, Bangor, Maine.
- Jan. 6—I. Williams beat W. Sutton, knuckles, \$300 a side, 1 round, 1½ minute, at North Bridgeport.
- Jan. 7—B. Gabig beat P. Cardiff, \$25, gloves, 4 rounds, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jan. 7—McAuley beat C. Goldsmith, purse, 6 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.
- Jan. 7—Harry Downey beat George Hamill by a foul, 3 rounds, San Francisco.
- Jan. 7—B. McKenna beat P. Reynard, gloves, purse, 5 rounds, 11 minutes 30 seconds, New York City.
- Jan. 7—P. McGuff and L. Hewitt, draw, gloves, \$50, to a finish, Rutland, Vt.
- Jan. 7—Peter Cash, alias Yorky, Jack Pearson, alias Rough Un, were matched to fight at Northampton, Eng.; arrested.
- Jan. 8—B. Fay beat J. Mack (colored), gloves, purse, 3 rounds, Fall River, Mass.
- Jan. 9—D. McCaffrey beat D. Kelleher, gloves, 3 rounds, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jan. 9—J. Campbell beat J. De Soto, \$50, gloves, 4 rounds, feather-weight, New York City.
- Jan. 10—T. Fitzgerald beat G. Corey, gloves, purse, 8 rounds, room, New York City.
- Jan. 11—Jerry Murphy and B. Steele, draw, gloves, \$300 a side, 8 rounds, New Orleans, La.
- Jan. 11—E. J. McGovern beat Sid Bloedon, 16 foot ring, hard gloves, 5 rounds, Bay City, Mich.
- Jan. 11—T. Murphy beat H. Loomar, gloves, purse, 4 rounds, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Jan. 11—W. Ward beat H. Saco, hard gloves, purse, 2 rounds, stable, Chicago, Ill.
- Jan. 11—H. Chew and J. McCann, draw, hard gloves, purse, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jan. 12—John L. Sullivan beat Alf. Greenfield, gloves, gate receipts, 4 rounds, Boston, Mass.
- Jan. 12—W. Dorwart beat J. McGready, hard gloves, \$50, 5 rounds, room, Lancaster, Pa.
- Jan. 12—Pat McElough and Ed. Wyman fought a draw with gloves at Alpena, Mich.
- Jan. 12—Middle-weight boxing tournament, open to all, for \$230 in cash and champion belt, Club Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jan. 12—Jack Dempsey beat Billy Frazier, 4 rounds, gloves, New York.
- Jan. 13—S. Redman beat B. Brewin, knuckles, \$1000 a side, 38 rounds, Nottingham, England.
- Jan. 13—J. McCloskey beat R. Price, knuckles, \$200 a side, 10 rounds, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Jan. 14—Ed. Wyman beat Pat McElough, rough and tumble, at Alpena, Mich.
- Jan. 14—Tom Sales beat John J. Farrell with gloves for a purse, 31 rounds, London prize ring rules, at Brighton Beach, N. Y.
- Jan. 15—J. Oates beat J. J. Farrell, both feather weights, small gloves, gold watch, chain and amateur championship, 31 rounds, 2 hours 3 minutes, near New York City.
- Jan. 15—Madame A. Lewis beat Frank Stark, 6 rounds, Minneapolis.
- Jan. 15—Jack Burke and Paddy Ryan signed articles at Chicago to box 4 rounds.
- Jan. 16—J. Wyman beat P. McHugh, knuckles, Michigan, both men arrested.
- Jan. 17—Oweny Geoghegan died at Hot Springs, Ark. He was born in Ireland in 1849.
- Jan. 17—Ben Bailey, colored, beat the Black Pearl of Schuykill, with gloves, 4 rounds, at Philadelphia.
- Jan. 17—Dick Harris beat Jim De Grasse, 5 rounds, bare knuckles, at Tombstone, Arizona.
- Jan. 19—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan boxed 30½ seconds with gloves, police stopping the affair, Madison Square Garden, New York.
- Jan. 21—Rutgers von Brunt, of the Knickerbocker, and John Roosevelt, of the Union Club, fought, with gloves, 3 rounds, Queensbury rules, draw, near New York City.
- Jan. 21—M. S. Lee beat C. Toomey, small gloves, room, to a finish, Lawrence, Mass.
- Jan. 21—H. Gilmore and S. Bittle fought a draw, room, 10 rounds, 30 minutes, London, On.
- Jan. 21—Jack Cooper arrived from South Africa.
- Jan. 21—Wm. Springall and George Freyer arrived from England.
- Jan. 21—Martin S. Lee beat Con Toomey with gloves, 18 rounds, at Boston.
- Jan. 22—P. Cleary and Alf. Nichols fought a draw, gloves, 3 rounds, \$300 a side, near Wilkesbarre, Pa.
- Jan. 22—John L. Sullivan met with an accident by a team running away, at Boston, Mass.
- Jan. 22—Jack Guyon and Jim Malley fought with bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, 17 rounds, 1 hour 17 minutes, Charing Cross, London, England.
- Jan. 22—Pat Cleary and Alf. Nichols fought with gloves, police stopped the contest in third round, at Nanticoke, Pa.
- Jan. 22—Jack Dempsey beat Jim Fell, 4 rounds, Queensbury rules, New York.
- Jan. 22—John L. Sullivan had a turn up with Jack Hodgkin, Elliot street, Boston.
- Jan. 22—Nobby Clark beat Ted Timoney with gloves, for a purse, 2 rounds, Boston.
- Jan. 23—Martin H. Bowman beat Prof. John Long, turn up, New York City.
- Jan. 25—J. Dowd (white) beat G. Strever (colored), knuckles, 9 minutes, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- Jan. 26—Morgan beat Jones, knuckles, 31 rounds, near Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Jan. 26—J. Fell beat J. Fay, gloves, New York City.
- Jan. 26—Jack Dempsey defeated Jim Fay, of Rockwell, Conn., New York.
- Jan. 26—J. Grady beat J. Bywater, \$75 a side and a purse, 27 rounds, near Nottingham, Eng.
- Jan. 27—Lee beat Atkinson, \$125, gloves, 11 rounds, Melbourne, Australia.
- Jan. 27—Ar. Fax and J. Duag (Chinaman) fought a draw, gloves, purse, 5 rounds, San Francisco, Cal.
- Jan. 27—Oweny Geoghegan was buried at Calvary Cemetery, New York.
- Jan. 29—An athletic entertainment for the benefit of Connie Keating was held at Lowell, Mass.
- Jan. 30—Deacon Smith beat Jack Murphy in a cellar, with gloves, 3 rounds, Boston.
- Jan. 30—Jim McCue and Joe Wannop fought with gloves, 7 rounds, draw, New York.
- Jan. 30—Jim McHugh fought a draw with J. Wannop, soft gloves, 8 rounds, purse, New York City.
- Jan. 30—C. White beat J. Lavin, 3 rounds, Philadelphia.
- Jan. 30—Tug Collins and Albo Miller fought a draw with gloves in a room at Boston.
- Jan. 30—Jim Burns, of Rochester failed to meet Jim Fell in New York to box with gloves.
- Jan. 30—Joe Denning beat B. McKenna, off-hand, purse, room, 9 rounds, Harlem, N. Y.
- Jan. 31—Jim McLaughlin beat Bob Anderson, by foul, 2 rounds, with gloves for \$100 a side, Passaic, N. J.
- Jan. 31—Arthur Chambers offered to wager \$1,000 that Jack Dempsey could not stop Jimmy Mitchell, 4 rounds, Queensbury rules, posing a forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

SPORTING NEWS.

All heartily welcome—every one! The sporting rooms of this paper are always open to all classes of sporting men, no matter whether they desire information or want to arrange matches. Every sporting man should bring his friends to see the elegantly furnished offices, to witness the gallery of champion emblems, trophies, pictures and the other many objects of interest. The largest and only life-size picture of John L. Sullivan, the renowned pugilist, known as the Drohan picture. The picture stands five feet in height, represents the champion in full ring costume, and is the most artistic portrait of a pugilist ever seen, and is well worth a visit.

Jack Moriarty, the Toronto boxer, writes that he will fight Billy Hawkins with or without gloves any number of rounds in Toronto for either a stake or the receipts of the house.

Daniel O'Leary and E. P. Weston ended the eighteenth day of the 2,500-mile walking match, at the Cosmopolitan Rink in this city, on Dec. 26, the score standing Weston 84½ miles, O'Leary 84¼ miles.

The Polytechnic Football Club, second eleven, would have played in Prospect Park against the Philomatheans, on Dec. 19, but as only four of the former turned up the game did not take place, and the Philomatheans played a novel game with an eleven chosen from the spectators, which was easily won by the Philomatheans.

A match at football was to have been played on Dec. 19 at Washington Park, Brooklyn, between the Brooklyn Hill and Columbia College teams. The Brooklyn Hills were all on the ground, but the Columbias did not turn up, so two sides were chosen by L. S. Carrere, captain of the Brooklyn Hills, and W. Ford, of the Crescents. A very enjoyable game was played, which resulted in a victory for Mr. Carrere's side by 4 points (1 goal) to 4 points for Mr. Ford (1 touchdown).

Charles Boyle, of Woodstock, Canada, seems to be determined to have a big career next year. In addition to his recent purchases, he made further additions at Milton Young's recent sale, one being Ten Booker, the well-known son of Ten Broeck and Nellie Booker, for \$3,100. He has to his credit the Clay, Viley, Ripple, Tobacco and Kentucky St. Leger stakes. For Ornament, a yearling filly by Onondaga, he paid \$2,000.

On Dec. 26 Jack Reagan of Brooklyn, Prof. Mike Donovan's pupil, and Fred Foy, otherwise known as English, of the same city, met for a hard glove fight to a finish, Marquis of Queensbury rules, in a large barn in South Brooklyn, for a stake of \$300. Reagan was backed by a well-known saloon keeper in Fulton street, and Foy by a fish hook manufacturer. Reagan is eighteen years old, stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighs 146 pounds. Foy is twenty years old, stands 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighs 148 pounds. Reagan jumped nimbly over the ropes, attended by Bob Boyce and Jack Murray. Foy soon followed, with Jack Brown and Denny Clark as seconds. Thomas Ryan was referee. Three rounds were fought in 10 minutes 59 seconds when Reagan knocked Foy out by a terrific right-hander.

At Chicago on Dec. 26 Jacob Schaefer defeated George F. Slosson in the final game of the billiard tournament. Only 300 persons were present. In the twenty-seventh inning Slosson hit for a total of 71. Then Schaefer took up the business, and with what was probably the most superb billiard exhibition ever seen under like circumstances, ran out the game with 148, the last point being made in ten minutes 11. The following is the score:

Schaefer—1, 2, 14, 42, 0, 1, 0, 0, 30, 1, 0, 0, 49, 17, 35, 21, 4, 1, 54, 7, 7, 3, 158, 0, 110, 42, 53, 148. Total, 800. Average, 28 16-28. Highest run, 158.

Slosson—15, 13, 10, 0, 15, 24, 1, 20, 10, 31, 0, 45, 0, 31, 0, 18, 28, 79, 55, 22, 25, 0, 0, 71. Total, 529. Average, 19 16-27. Highest run, 79. Time of game, 3 hours and 20 minutes.

At Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., on Dec. 26, there was a pigeon shooting match between L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and J. H. Outwater, of Monroeville, N. J. The match was for \$300, each contestant to shoot at thirty-five birds, one barrel 25 yards rise, find, trap, and handle. Outwater brought birds in a wagon from his home, a drive of a dozen miles, and they got chilled and afforded easy marks for Campbell. The birds Outwater shot at were of Miles Johnson's raising. He called them "Jarney pine knots," because they were so long and hard to kill. Campbell in the thirty-fourth round shot out his opponent and gathered in the spoils. The score is as follows:

Campbell—0 1111, 0 1111, 0 1101, 11101, 11111, 0 1111, 1111. Killed, 25.

Outwater—10 111, 0 1111, 0 1101, 10101, 00110, 11101, 1110. Killed, 22.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Phil Bruback, James Brady, James Burns, W. W. Boner, Dan Custy, J. L. Crotty, "Chenab," Chinese dwarf; J. D. Cameron, Joe Coburn (2), Mike Cleary, Dwyer Bros., Ed. Decker, Jerry Donovan, Billy Edwards, John Edwards, John Flynn, H. C. Gordon, E. M. Groat, Thos. Houlihan, W. E. Hastings, Tom Hall, Gus Hill, Fred B. Jackson, M. K. Kittleman, Geo. S. Lenhardt, Barney McGuire, Tom Manning, Mart Malone, Jas. A. Montefiore, Patsy Murphy, John Paulson, John Styles, John L. Sullivan, Wm. Turner, A. Trumbull, J. S. Taylor, Ed. Tisdale, Miss May Tobin, Harry Wyse, Fred Wood, Tom Ward, J. A. Wales, Gus Williams, Richard Garwood.

At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Dec. 19, there was an exciting football match. Rugby rules, between the Brooklyn Heights and College of the City of New York Football clubs. The Brooklyn Heights club played in fine form and prevented the College from scoring a single point, though Fitch and Robinson did their best to get through the opposing line. Pierce and Stabb, the Brooklyn half-backs, did some magnificent playing for their side, and it was mainly through their efforts that the Brooklyn were enabled to win. The game resulted in a victory for the Brooklyn Heights club by a score of 14 to 0. The sides were made up as follows: Brooklyn Heights—Rushers, Averill, Fish, Van Ingen, Willard, Hand and Cook; quarter-back, Borland; snap-back, Cotton; half-backs, Pierce and Stabb; full-back, Halstead. College of the City of New York—Rushers, Hagerty, McGuire, Parker, Siem, Muller and Massa; quarter-back, Wheeler; snap-back, Content; half-backs, Robinson and Fitch. Referee, Mr. Jones.

An outrage perpetrated at the St. Louis Fair came to light at Lexington, Ky., on Dec. 23. W. L. Simmons' bay trotting mare Early Dawn died, a post-mortem examination revealed unmistakable evidence of arsenical poisoning. Early Dawn was taken to Chicago this summer and won the five-year-old stake there, making a record of 2:12½ in the second heat. From Chicago she went to St. Louis, and, although evidently sick, was third to Elvira. She trotted fourth in a race won there by Epaulot. Since she came from St. Louis she has been in a decline. She was a great trotter, and won the largest single stake ever won by a trotting horse, defeating a field of horses at New York in 1884 and winning \$10,000. She was second in her winnings last year to Harry Wilkes, and in the last two years has won \$15,000. She was sired by George Wilkes, and her dam, Lady Frank, is by Mambrino Star. Simmons refused \$15,000 for her and valued her at \$25,000.

At Philadelphia, on Dec. 19, the Common Pleas Court was crowded to hear the argument upon the motion to continue the injunction restraining the expulsion of the Metropolitan Club from the American Association, but the case was at the foot of the day's list and was not reached until after one o'clock. The complainant's bill had been amended by adding, as defendants, the other clubs of the association and changing the prayer for relief so as to make it read, "An injunction restraining the corporation defendant from taking any measures to disfranchise, expel or forfeit the membership of the corporation plaintiff in the American Association of baseball clubs otherwise than in accordance with the constitution of the latter in that behalf provided." Warner Cooper and William Henry Rawie appeared as before for the Metropolitan Club, and Mr. Rothermel for the defendants. Both sides were fortified with bundles of affidavits. Those on behalf of the plaintiff were submitted first. Secretary George F. Williams, of the Metropolitan Club, explained the general features of the association, its provision that the gate receipts of all games went to the home club less expenses, and \$65 to the players of the visiting team. He further averred that the association was a continuing one, and that no complaint had ever been made to him or any other representative of the Metropolitan Club of any misconduct by it. Counsel for the defendants read a number of affidavits beginning with that of Chris

Von der Abe, who detailed the history of the association and averred that agreements were only binding for a year, and that a practically new association was formed each year, under a new agreement, and usually with one or two new clubs, while the old clubs were several times dropped notwithstanding their protest including any particular club, he averred, was entirely optional with the other clubs each year. The association had no money in its treasury. On Dec. 9 representatives of the other clubs desired the attendance of the representatives of the Mets, but they failed to turn up, and a new association was accordingly formed, which did not include that club. The dropping of the Mets was for good cause. A direct pecuniary loss would result from playing a game with the Staten Island Club instead of a New York club. Moreover, the Metropolitan Club, by releasing two of its best players and engaging inefficient substitutes for the season of 1886, had spoiled its reputation and diminished the attendance at its games. The result of the argument was that the Court decided the case in favor of the plaintiffs, continuing the injunction previously granted until the further order of the Court.

At Newtown, L. I., on Dec. 22, there was a slashing mill between Tim Green, of Williamsburgh, and Jimmy Barr, of Greenpoint, for \$100 a side, without gloves. Green is twenty-two years of age, and stripped at 138 pounds. Barr is twenty-two years old, and also weighed 138 pounds. A large number of sporting men were present from New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. They were chased through Brooklyn as far as the city limits by the police, who had heard of the intended fight. The police also looked out for the party on its way back, but failed to arrest any one, most of the party returning by way of Hunter's Point. The ring was pitched at 2:30 A. M., and Pat Barr, of Greenpoint, was chosen referee. Green forced the fighting from the first, and when the fight was ended in the fourth round by the cry of police, raised, it is said, by Barr's friends, Barr was badly demoralized.

The following visitors called at this office last month: Capt. Hallock, "Happy" Jack Smith, Edwin Bibby, Harry Webb, Mr. Ellis, Wm. White, Birmingham, Eng.; Joseph Fowler, Wm. Easton, J. Buckley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Martin Julian, of the Julian's, San Francisco, Cal.; E. P. Nutting, Boston, Mass.; John T. Brown, Alex. McIntosh, Jim Carroll, Brooklyn; Mike Moore, light-weight wrestler, Brooklyn; James Campbell, Phila. Pa.; Gus Tuthill, B. W. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert Vint, pedestrian; J. G. Hendrickson, C. A. Hendrickson, Chas. Mitchell; O. B. Raymond, Thad. W. McElhan, Daniel J. Herby, champion walker of New England; John Meagher, Geo. E. Sands, Capt. J. C. Daly, Chas. A. Webster, Deputy Sheriff, Rochester; Judge Geo. W. Curtis, Prescott, Ariz.; John Connor, Bridgeport, Conn.; W. Potter, Bridgeport, Conn.; Geo. Young, John McMahon, Daniel O'Leary, Patrick Fitzgerald, champion pedestrian of the world; Matsada Sorakichi, John Wood, Ed. Mallahan, Warren Lewis, Thos. Nelson, Chalk Butte, Mont.; C. Binder, City, Charley Norton, Harry Simla, Jersey City; McHenry Johnson, James Manning, James Eagen, Chicago, Ill.; Jas. P. Reiff, manager Puritan saloon, Brooklyn; Geo. W. Hart, Jr., Fred Klaus, Bridgeport; James Gallaway, Fred. Balts, Thos. Readyhoff, James Manson, Mr. Maguire, the Sun; Jack Dempsey, Martin Doyle, San Francisco, Cal.; Ed. Sweeney, Dan O'Connor, Mr. Flanly, Williamsburgh; John Sweeney, Mr. Coburn.

A slashing mill was fought with two-ounce gloves at Andalusia, Pa., on Dec. 22, between Billy Magie, formerly of Kidderminster, Eng., and Jack Beaty, who hails from Manchester, Eng. Both are at present residents of this city. Magie weighed 130 pounds, and Beaty was 7 pounds heavier. About 150 pugilistic enthusiasts were present at a cost of \$5 per head. A well known sport of this city acted as referee. The Marquis of Queensbury rules governed, and hard gloves were used. Magie appeared much the more scientific, and Beaty was knocked down four times in the first round. In the second round Magie drew blood from Beaty's nose and also got in a sounding whack on the jaw. Magie then began working at Beaty's stomach, and punished him severely in that locality for two or three rounds, but didn't seem to get his blows just right. Beaty was very weak at the opening of the sixth round, and Magie tried to "do" him, but couldn't quite make out. In the eighth round Beaty fell from carelessness on missing a swinging blow at Magie. The fighting was light for a couple of rounds, both men being badly winded. Clinches occurred frequently. Beaty seemed the strongest at the opening of the twelfth round, but that was not saying much. Magie could do little but "jab." In the thirteenth round, which was one of the games of the fight, Beaty got in several good left-handers on Magie, and in the fourteenth round Magie's second claimed that his man was hit foul, being struck when on his knees. The fighting continued in a rough-and-tumble style while the two seconds were expostulating with the referee, who finally called time and declared the fight a draw.

The prize ring encounter between Ike Williams, of Bridgeport, and Denny Kelleher, of Boston, was decided on Dec. 22 at a well-known resort at Flushing, L. I., where Charley Mitchell and Wm. Sheriff fought. Tickets were issued at \$5 each, and only a few noted sporting men were present. A ring was erected in a large dining hall of the hotel. Williams weighed 163 pounds and Kelleher tipped the beam at 168. Young English, of New York, and Fred Schriber, of Bridgeport, seconded Williams, and Kelleher was looked after by George Bosworth and John Kelleher, of Boston. Wm. Edwards was the referee and Frank Moran time-keeper. Kelleher looked much the bigger, and was a few seconds were passed in sparring, Kelleher seeming to be little surprised at Williams' manoeuvres. Then Williams sent his left in a well-meant manner at Kelleher's face, but it was nearly stopped. A feint by the latter, and Williams jumped back. Kelleher rushed at his opponent and attempted an upper cut, but it only grazed the ribs of the other. A mutual rush, and, coming together, there were right and left exchanges in Kelleher's corner. Breaking away, they sparred for a second or two, when right and left exchanges again occurred. Once more separated, Williams viciously sent his right clean in Kelleher's face, and it knocked him to his knees. There may have been a more surprised man on Long Island at that moment, but the audience doubted it. The Bostonian attacked himself and ceased with his left, but Williams dodged and took it lightly on the head. The Bridgeport champion seemed to be doing well, but he left dangerous openings, which he afterwards remembered. There were feints and again rushing toward each other, both meaning to be as vicious as possible. Kelleher caught Williams on the point of the jaw with his right, and the Connecticut favorite felt as if hit by a pile-driver. Kelleher hesitated and Williams pluckily staggered to his feet and tumbled into his chair. He was dazed. Limp were his arms and powerless his hands. Water was thrown on him and he revived. The few seconds allowed under the rules for such an emergency expired. Kelleher came up blithely; Williams unconcerned—in fact, not fully conscious. There was a miserable attempt made by him to stop Kelleher's blows, but in vain, and with a sledgehammer smash full in his face Williams was knocked to the floor as if he had been struck by a club. He turned on his back and straightened out his arms, apparently lifeless. The champion of Connecticut was deaf to the cries, "Go in, Denny!" "Use it, win!" Once more Williams managed to arouse himself, and again staggered to his seat. More water was dashed in his face. It revived him slightly, but he was of no more account just at that moment as a fighter. Still he tried. He half got up from his seat and Kelleher rushed toward him. With a feeble attempt Williams tried to keep him off, but the Boston man hammered him against the wall, and, with another facer, knocked him prone the third time. The faces under the silk hats looked at this minute as if they were ashamed of something. "De round ain't over; knock 'im out," cried one young man, when from the back end of the room was shouted, "The man is sick; why punish him more?" It had the desired effect. The referee stepped to the middle of the ring and said, "I declare Kelleher the winner." The battle lasted 2 minutes 50 seconds.

Important to Sporting Men.—All those desiring to arrange matches of any description in all branches of sport, from boxing to pigeon shooting, are welcome to arrange their matches at this office, and sporting men of every class will be afforded every facility to carry out their programme. Pedestrians, boxers, wrestlers, game-fowl fanciers and all interested will understand stakes will be held in every contest, a referee appointed if required and everything done to further and promote sporting events in all branches. The stakes have been held by the Police Gazette for some of the most important fistic contests, canine battles, running races, walking matches and wrestling contests that have ever been contested in the world, and in all cases the stakes have been awarded upon the decision of the referee. Richard K. Fox will hold stakes on all contests or matches that are arranged, no matter whether it is boxing or any other encounter. Sporting men desiring to arrange their meetings will bear this in mind that only challenges accompanied by a forfeit will be published.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I had a call from Tom Sweeney, the well-known pugilist, a few days ago.

Sweeney, since he sold out his business in New Haven, has been keeping a pot house in his native town, Wolverhampton, Eng.

He sold out, being tired of selling two-penny and four-penny, and has again come to this country to eke out an existence.

Sweeney narrated a funny story about The Swan with the Two Necks, Livery street, Birmingham, of which Alf Greenfield is the boniface. Sweeney left Wolverhampton one day to go to Birmingham, accompanied by a friend; Sweeney dropped quietly into Greenfield's hostelry.

The English champion, as he styles himself, did not know Sweeney, and he began blowing how he could have whipped Sullivan if he had received fair play, and he was calling the Bostonian's pet names.

"You know, Missus, how I used to write you how they mugged me about when they knew I could lick their champion," etc., etc.

Sweeney asked him who he ever whipped in America.

"The old lot of 'em," said Greenfield, "and I would have whipped Sullivan if they had given me fair play. Didn't I send you word, Missus," said Greenfield, and he referred to his wife, who was giving out hints behind the bar.

"You whipped nobody," said Sweeney. "Didn't I, though; who are you?" said Greenfield. "Can you fight?"

The crowd in the bar-room pricked their ears, expecting to see a mill right off.

"I will fight you," said Sweeney, "for you have been lying about people who used you well."

"If Alf don't fight you," said Greenfield's wife to Sweeney, "I'll make him with the poker."

"I'll fight him, Missus," said Greenfield, and addressing Sweeney he said: "How much will you fight for?"

Sweeney put his hand in his pocket and plunked down about \$3 in English coin, said: "For all the money I have got here, and right now."

Greenfield said, "Who are you? I have seen you before." "Yes," said Sweeney, "very often. I boxed at your benefit at Bingley Hall, and I saw you box Sullivan in Boston."

Greenfield then called Sweeney into an ante-room and explained that he had to string the blasted people who had made Mitchell take water, and how he could have whipped Sullivan, in order to make his business good.

Greenfield acknowledged that he had been lying, and that he only done so to beguile the patrons of his place.

Greenfield could not whip Sullivan, never did, nor ever will, because he is not able to do so.

If his patrons believe his ghost stories after reading the above they should pay to drink and be gulled.

I met Jake Roome the other day, and he looked just as hale and hearty as he did twenty years ago.

Roome still prides a first-class bull terrier, and he still believes there is no dog ever lived that could fight like his Billy.

In his day Roome would bet his boots on a canine dispute.

I remember at a great canine contest between two noted dogs, John Glennon, a well known character, who flourished in 1866 and 1863, who was nicknamed Jack Squint, offered to make a wager with Jake on the result of the battle.

"I will bet my goatee against your mustache," said Roome to Glennon, "that my dog wins."

Glennon was one of the inspectors of weights and measures at the time, and he prided himself on his mustache.

Roome badgered him, and finally Glennon agreed to make the bet mustache against goatee.

Roome's dog won, and Glennon would not pay the wager until Roome paid the tonorial artist to clip it off.

The same identical mustache now hangs in Jake Roome's sporting house in Greenwich avenue, with hundreds of other odd trophies.

I understand the official handicapper of the Bicycle League promises, for next season, a definition of what is meant by class races. Under the present rules the question of who may enter the class races is left largely to the discretion of the official handicapper.

I understand John S. Prince is giving exhibitions in skating rinks, traveling east, and expects shortly to reach Boston, when he will cover any money Nelson puts up, and will sign articles for a race.

I see that L. E. Myers will not be allowed to run as an amateur in England.

The London "Sportsman" says it has been officially informed that, at a meeting of the southern committee of the A. A. A., held at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet street, when the following resolution was passed:

"It having been brought to the notice of the southern committee of the A. A. A. that a misunderstanding exists as to the present status of L. E. Myers, it should be distinctly understood that at the recent general committee meeting of the A. A. A. in Manchester, Nov. 14, it was held that L. E. Myers had forfeited his right to compete as an amateur in this country."

It should be a matter of rejoicing among baseball players that Erastus Wiman has taken such great interest in baseball.

Now that the courts stand by him the American Association have only two avenues of retreat. It must either bow to the decision of the Court, make peace with the Metropolitan chieftain and take him into the fold, or it must do indirectly what it could not do directly, fairly and above board, namely—reorganize under another name omitting the Metropolitan Club, leaving the old organization in the hands of the latter.

The Manhattan Athletic Club last week elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

President, Geo. W. Carr; first vice-president, Charles E. Trotter; second vice-president, W. I. Swan; third vice-president, Clinton Buring; treasurer, Walton Storm; secretary, C. C. Hughes; captain, S. J. Cornell; first lieutenant, G. F. Knobel; second lieutenant, W. B. Beers; trustees, Geo. A. Avery, James

Magee, S. A. Stuart, L. E. Myers, Col. J. V. Brits and E. S. Appleby.

Wm. Boyd, of Woodstock, Canada, has issued an offer to run Quirk any distance from 120 to 300 yards.

What is the matter? Has Boyd's game of ringing played out.

Jack Dempsey says that he will shortly return to Portland, Oregon, and retire from the ring.

Until he retires he says he will meet all comers—bar John L. Sullivan—at 154 pounds. McCaffrey, Burke and Mitchell he does not restrict to weight.

Dempsey has proved himself a wonder, and if he is beaten it will be by over-matching himself.

Robert C. Pate, the popular St. Louis turfman, has not done badly with his twelve racers last season, and his total winnings are estimated at above \$29,000, making an average of \$2,400 for each animal. The largest winner in Pate's stable has been the three-year-old gelding Editor, which won over \$9,000. Next comes Monogram, winning the Cincinnati Hotel stake, worth \$2,250; Conkling won \$2,400; Boatman, \$2,100; Tabitha, \$640, and Prima Donna, \$100. Tattoo and Embargo were the non winners.

George Withers will next season ride for W. L. Cassidy's St. Louis stable.

The failure to organize an International Baseball League at the Syracuse meeting was on account of the refusal of the Canadian delegates to enter unless the three cities of Toronto, Hamilton and London were admitted. The New York League objected to London as being too far away to be a paying member.

It is my opinion the directors of the Baseball League can give the parties who control the American Association points and beat them.

The League committee appointed to select clubs to fill the vacancies caused by the disbandment of the Providence and Buffalo clubs no sooner learned of Judge Thayer's opinion on the American Association-Metropolitan difficulty than it was decided to formally admit the National Club, of Washington, to membership in the National League.

Since I have been informed that directors of the National Club say that Mr. Scanlan, who represented the club at the recent American Association meeting, acted without authority from the Board of Directors.

This places the American Association under the necessity of reinstating the Metropolitan Club, or looking up a club other than the National.

It also makes it assured that the League will have eight clubs next season. Either Rochester or Indianapolis—probably the former—will be selected as the eighth club.

The race horse Tom Martin, the winner of the Twin City handicap at Sheepshead Bay, August, 1884 has been sold by the P. C. Fox estate, Danville, Ky., to Dwyer Bros., New York, for \$4,500.

He is a bay, four years old, by Longfellow, dam Athalaric, by Gilroy.

I think the Dwyer Brothers, with the addition of Bankrupt, who they purchased at Milton Young's sale for a big price, and Tom Martin will increase their winnings during the great turf campaign of 1886.

The following is the Irish Athletic Club definition of an amateur: An amateur carman or sculler must be a member of Her Majesty's Army, Navy or Civil Service, or of a recognized amateur rowing club numbering not more than thirty paying members. He must not compete or have competed for a stake, money or entrance fee (unless such stake, money or entrance fee shall go to the club which the competitor represents), nor have ever competed with or against a professional for any prize, or have ever taught, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises of any kind as a means of livelihood, nor have ever been employed in or about boats for a monetary consideration, nor be a mechanic, artisan or laborer. Nothing in this definition shall be held to disqualify an amateur from competing with other amateurs for a stake, money or entrance fee, provided such stake, money or entrance fee shall go to the club of which he is a member and not to his individual benefit.

On Dec. 19 the bookmakers got bitten by a false telegram on the New Orleans races. A Cincinnati telegraph operator is thought to be the originator of the "little joke."

Several firms lost heavily.

In some instances they were laying 15 to 1 against a horse that was a heavy favorite on the track, and when he won they had to pay out a large amount.

I believe that G. J. Faine, of Boston, has engaged Edward Burgess, the designer of the yacht Puritan, to build him a new 85-foot speed yacht, which it is expected will be even faster than the Puritan.

If the new yacht will be able to outtail the Puritan, the English yacht builders will give up all ideas of being able to build a yacht to win the America's Cup.

I am pleased to learn that James Dougrey, the well-known trotting-horse handler, has taken charge of the Everett House, Troy, N. Y.

Dougrey is a first-class driver, a capital trainer, and has been one of the greatest backers of game fowls in this country.

I understand the Missouri Derby, to be run on June 5 next, will be worth \$7,500 to the winner.

I understand that the probabilities are that no books will be made in the West this winter on next year's Kentucky Derby.

What is the matter—is the race over, is San Fox such a sure winner, or what is the matter?

In nearly every exhibition, no matter whether it is wrestling, boxing, walking, skating, there are always from fifty to two hundred dead-heads. The Chicago billiard tournament must, looking at these facts, have been a dismal failure, when it is taken into consideration that on the three opening nights there were not more than three hundred spectators present. If the number of attaches, ushers and dead-heads were subtracted there would not be enough of money in the box-office to pay the rent and gas bill, let alone the printing, bill posting, etc.

I think the failure may be attributed to my remarks about the affair being a hippodrome and arranged simply to advertise a billiard firm.

The sporting public nowadays desire to see honest competition and not a series of matches played by players who are remunerated from the bank account of the management.

The Chicago sporting men are liberal, and will support and patronize any competition when they are aware it is a competition. In the first tournament, in which all the players were winners, because the ties were not played off, the patrons of the tournament paid heavily to witness a billiard scheme—not a fair competition—and one dose of the same bitters was enough.

I said the second tournament was going to be a humbug to catch the sporting men of Chicago, and this paper, with its 200,000 circulation, knocked the bottom out of the pall and let the water out—hence the second tournament was a financial failure.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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J. M., Boston.—No.
W. S., Boston.—No.
D. W., Albany.—Yes.
D. S., Hartford.—Yes.
W. G., Harrisburg.—No.
G. S., Olean, N. Y.—No.
J. W., Lexington, Ky.—No.
J. S., Brighton, Mass.—Yes.
J. P., Canton, Pa.—About 10½ seconds.
A. B., Chicago.—We cannot publish photo.
SALOON, New Orleans, La.—\$100 is the fee.
S. E. C., Rockham, Me.—Thanks for photo.
R. S. W., Mahanoy Plane.—Roman Catholic.
W. N. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. 2:08½. 2. 2:14.
S. M. B., Scottsdale, Pa.—We have not the space.
READER, Buffalo.—Consult a first-class physician.
J. F., Magnolia, Ark.—Have not his official record.
J. S., N. Y. City.—Send \$1.50 for a work on training.
B. M., East Saginaw, Mich.—Race is postponed indefinitely.
H. G., New Haven, Conn.—Maud S. is twenty-one years old.
M. W., Baltimore.—We have not the address of such a party.
OLD READER.—1. Yes. 2. Ryan did have a saloon in Chicago.
S. G., Elmira, N. Y.—Edward Hanlan did beat Boyd in England.
J. E. D.—Write to Geo. W. Atkinson, Sporting Life, London, Eng.

M. D. S., Guilford.—On the Inman, Cunard and White Star lines.

J. T., McKeesport, Pa.—Mailed you the rules on receipt of your letter.

C., San Francisco, Cal.—1. Husell is a professional. 2. Ten feet 9 inches.

S. S., Sing Sing, N. Y.—Hugh Riley, the pugilist, died of consumption.

H. B., New York.—Edwards' second fight with Sam Collier was on March 2, 1870.

O. F. C., Marlboro, Mass.—Write to Captain T. E. Hallowell, he is the manager of the race.

H. L. G., Groveton, N. H.—Send for the "American Athlete" to this office, price 30 cents.

B. S. F., Annapolis, Md.—Robert Coombes, the ex-champion carman, died in a lunatic asylum.

A. L., Hamilton, Ohio.—Josh Hudson beat Jem Ward in 14 rounds, lasting 38 minutes, Nov. 11, 1823.

J. C. T., Wetumpka, Ala.—Write to James Dugrey, Mechanicville, N. Y., or Dennis Mahoney, Rochester, N. Y.

D. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—In 1863 Ed O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald fought for \$2,000 and the championship of the world.

S. L., Hay Creek, Crook Co., Oregon.—Michael O'Connor is the correct name of Red Hand Mike, the Iowa pugilist.

M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not keep the record of such affairs. Apply to the Chief of Police, New York City.

A. M., North Woburn, Mass.—Tom Cribb's monument is a sculptured lion. 2. He was buried in Woolwich Churchyard.

M. G. F., Pittsburg, Pa.—Gladstone ran 1 mile 17 yards in 1:30 at Newmarket, England, in May, 1865, so it was claimed.

D. F., Dakota.—1. No. 2. Jem Mace is not older than Tom Sayers. 3. Mace was born in 1831, and Sayers was born in 1828.

A. and B., New Orleans.—1. St. Louis won a series of games played for that title. 2. The Chicago hold the League championship.

D. G., Boston.—Tom Allen beat Mike McCoole for \$2,000 and championship, 29 rounds, 20 minutes, at Chateau Island, Mo., Sept. 23, 1873.

A. F., Fremont County, Col.—Time taken in any contest for purse, premium, stake or wager, or involving admission fees, constitutes a record.

J. W., Boston.—The fastest time on record for 1 mile by a locomotive is 50½ seconds; made between West Philadelphia and Jersey City on Sept. 4, 1879.

H. B., North Stafford, N. H.—1. E. F. Clark, the carman, is credited with rowing 7 miles in 14 minutes 23 seconds, Sept. 16, 1859. 2. Neither party wins.

B. W., Washington, D. C.—1. No. 2. The distance around Boston Common is 1 mile 22½ yards. 3. There was no such rank in the navy before the war in 1860.

A. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—Parole beat Isomony in the Newmarket handicap at Newmarket Craven meeting in 1879. 2. Parole was six years old and carried 116 pounds.

H. S., Uphill.—1. R. Binham's records are not the best. 2. Seventy-five yards, 7½ seconds. 3. One hundred yards, 10½ seconds. 4. Jumbo. 5. Have not the record.

D. M. J., Austin, Texas.—1. Jem Massey, the pugilist, fought eighteen battles and won thirteen. 2. Gen. Scott became Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in 1841.

P. S., Midland, Mich.—Orphan asylums are only for children without parents. There are institutions in which you could place the child by paying a certain amount per week.

D. E., Toledo, Ohio.—The best record for a standing jump, made by George W. Hamilton, using 29-pound weights in his hands, at Romeo, Mich., Oct. 4, 1879, is 14 feet 5½ inches.

H. P., Memphis.—1. Yes. 2. In England it is the most popular mode in betting among the turf speculators and the generality of backers of the races to back the jockeys instead of the racehorses.

H. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Clarence Whistler's last match of importance was with John Thomas, at Melbourne, Aug. 6, 1865. The conditions were catch-as-catch-can, best 3 in 5 falls for \$500. Whistler won 3 falls in succession and the match.

D. G., St. Louis, Mo.—It is an easy matter for an athlete to imagine that he is able to become a pugilist, but it requires pluck, science and endurance, and a great deal of experience to become proficient in the manly art of self-defense.

S. G., Boston.—The best record for 140 yards is 13½ seconds, made by Harry Hutchins, at Little Bridge Grounds, West Brompton, Eng., June 3, 1865. The best for 880 yards, 1 minute 55.5 seconds, L. E. Myers, New York, Oct. 3, 1865.

F. W. E., Magdalena, N. M.—A and C must throw off the tie, the highest taking the first, the second going to the next highest throw, and the third to the next. D and E have no claim, having been beaten by A and B when they threw 41.

H. M., Boston.—Billy Edwards beat Sam Collier Aug. 24, 1868, 47 rounds, 1 hour 14 minutes, for \$1,000 a side; beat Sam Collier, March 2, 1870, 40 rounds, 45 minutes, for \$1,000; beat Sam Collier, Aug. 8, 1874, 40 rounds, 34 minutes, for \$1,000 a side.

R. H., Hartford.—Henry Coulter and Lewis Cavitt rowed against Bernard and John Biglin for \$2,000 and the pair-oared championship of America, at Philadelphia, May 30, 1872. Biglin won. The distance was 5 miles with a turn, and the time was 32 minutes 1 second.

W. C., Camden, N. J.—For hardening the hands, the following recipe is the best: Put 2 pounds of rock-salt into 1 gallon of white wine vinegar, then scrape a pound of horse radish, cut off the stems, add 1 ounce of copperas, then boil for two hours, and strain, when it will be ready for use.

G. S., Alliance, Ohio.—1. The Crystal Palace was opened July 14, 1853. 2. Johnny Roche and Johnny Newell, the former of New York, and the latter of Pittsburg, seconded Sam Collier when he fought Bill Kelly for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship, at Strickland, Pa., Nov. 27, 1867.

R. W., Hartford, Conn.—Joe Denning beat Henry Newbauer, purse and 65 per cent. of gate receipts, gloves, 3 rounds, 2 minutes 35 seconds, Brooklyn, E. D., Dec. 26, 1864. 2. W. De Baum and Joe Hester fought a draw for the light-weight championship, gloves, 4 rounds, New York, Dec. 25, 1864.

MEMBER COMPANY K, Fifth Infantry, Fort Custer, M. T.—Accept thanks for information. It is perfectly legal for any newsdealer to expose and sell the POLICE GAZETTE, but if you or any of your friends find difficulty in buying it, send one dollar to this office and receive it for three months by mail postage paid.

S. H., Baltimore, Md.—Three standing jumps, M. W. Ford jumped 33 feet 10 inches in the first trial and 34 feet 4½ inches, without weights, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 10, 1865. One single standing jump 14 feet 5½ inches, by George

W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., made at Michigan, Oct. 3, 1879. The longest distance covered in a running jump is 29 feet 7 inches, by John Howard, of Chester, Eng., in 1864.

W. S., Indianapolis.—At Chicago, Ill., Aug. 18, 1833, Walter Denison dressed a bullock, go-as-you-please style, in 3 minutes 40 seconds. At Chicago, Aug. 18, Walter Denison dressed a bullock market style, in 4 minutes 20 seconds. At Newark, N. J., on Sept. 15, 1833, P. Fitzgerald dressed ten sheep in 38 minutes. At Newark, N. J., Sept. 14, 1880, dressed twenty five sheep in 1 hour 26 minutes.

M. H., Rochester, N. Y.—At Paterson, N. J., on July 8, 1865, Louis Loal scored 290 out of a possible 300. At London, Eng., Nov. 20, 1862, Joseph Chipps knocked down and set up 506 pins in 17 minutes. At London, on Jan. 23, 1871, he cleared the frame 60 times in 38 minutes 24 seconds without assistance, throwing the "cheese" under his leg each time. At London, Eng., on July 17, 1869, William Butts cleared nine pins 80 times in 55 minutes.

A. W. K., Ketchum, Idaho.—1. The first regular champion belt ever offered for two pugilists to battle for is the "Police Gazette" diamond belt put up for competition by Richard K. Fox. 2. The trophy will be put up any time any man has the courage to face John L. Sullivan in a prize ring encounter with gloves, according to the London prize ring rules. 3. Sullivan wore the "Police Gazette" diamond belt in Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, last spring.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—The score of the six men in the 6-day roller-skating race at Madison Square Garden, New York, from May 10 to 16, 1885, was as follows: Alexander Snowden, 1,166½ miles; W. Boyat, 1,148½ miles; E. Maddocks, 1,106½ miles; A. Schock, 1,026 miles; J. Francis, 910½ miles; Chas. A. Harriman, 809½ miles; J. O'Melia, 555½ miles; C. Walton, 486½ miles. Snowden beat the best previous 6-day roller-skating record—1,091 miles—by 75 miles made by Donovan.

S. G., Thompkinsville, S. I.—C. E. Courtney and P. H. Conley rowed 3 miles, with a turn, in double scull shells in 17 minutes 57½ seconds at Ploversville, on the Hudson river, N. Y., on Aug. 30, 1885. Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and George W. L. of New York, N. J., beat C. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., and P. H. Conley, of Portland, Me., at Ploversville Island, Troy, N. Y., on Oct. 14, 1885, in 18 minutes 15 seconds. The course was 3 miles, with a turn, and the stakes were a purse of \$3,000 and a stake of \$1,000 a side.

J. S., Albion, N. Y.—The fastest time on record for rat killing, was made by Jocko, owned by James Shaw, of London, Eng. He killed 25 rats in 1 minute 38 seconds, on Aug. 20, 1861; 60 rats, 3 minutes 43 seconds, July 29, 1862; 100 rats in 5 minutes 28 seconds, May 1, 1862; 200 rats, 14 minutes 37 seconds, June 10, 1862; 1,000 rats in less than 1 hour 40 minutes, May 1, 1862. All the above feats were accomplished in London, Eng. Ratle, owned by Thomas Hannigan of Boston, killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 40 seconds, at Brighton, Mass., on July 18, 1860.

W. G., Boston.—J. H. McCormick, of Indianapolis, St. John, N. B., skated 3 miles against time at Bergen, N. J., on Feb. 21, 1865, covering the first mile in 3 minutes 22 seconds, 2 miles in 6 minutes 45 seconds, 3 miles in 10 minutes 25 seconds. Hugh J. McCormick beat William Whelpley in a 5-mile race for \$300 and the championship of Canada, on March 13, 1865. McCormick's time was, 1 mile, 3 minutes 16 seconds; 2 miles, 6 minutes 35 seconds; 3 miles, 10 minutes 35 seconds; 4 miles, 13 minutes 8 seconds; 5 miles, 16 minutes 15½ seconds.

M. H., Louisville, Ky.—The word "welscher" is defined in the slang dictionary as a person who makes a bet without the remotest chance of being able to pay, and losing it, absconds. As the word is of strictly foreign origin so is its subject. Welschers have probably existed since the very commencement of the practice of backing one's opinion with substantial guarantees. But it is to the English turf that they owe their most distinguished development. In England the "welschers" form a considerable and in the main successful class of rogues. So much so that a year or so ago their influence, or rather their parallelism of themselves on betting circles was denounced by the papers as a disgrace to civilization. As all crime is more or less such the stigma is somewhat too general to be forcible. But the "welscher" is certainly a disgrace to the English turf and the management which makes his operations possible.

B. W., San Francisco.—In the year 1872 Patsy Hogan was matched to fight Peter Croker, the late noted Fourth Ward pugilist, for a purse. The battle was fought in a room in New York, on Oct. 18, 1872. Seventeen rounds were fought in 58 minutes, when Croker was declared the winner. Hogan left New York for the Pacific Slope shortly after his battle with Croker, and arrived at the Golden Gate in January, 1873. After a short sojourn in San Francisco he went to Virginia City, where he fought Jim Trevelian, in August, 1874, winning after a desperate battle lasting 23 minutes. He then returned to New York and remained in the Empire City until 1876, when he left for San Francisco, Cal., to fight Harry Maynard, who had challenged him. Before leaving he gave a farewell benefit at Harry Hill's, and made a great set-to with Peter Croker. On his return to the Pacific Slope Maynard refused to meet him. Hogan has retired from the ring but he is always ready to back or assist a first-class pugilist. He keeps a sporting house at Nos. 1 and 3 Morton street, and he was Jack Keenan's backer in the Dawler and Keenan match.

S. O., Holyoke, Mass.—The largest stakes ever fought for was \$10,000, by Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, at Rocky Point, Md., Feb. 7, 1869. The longest battle ever fought in the prize ring was between Jonathan Smith and James (Australian) Kelly, at Melbourne, Australia, November, 1865. It occupied 6 hours 15 minutes. The longest battle in America was 4 hours 20 minutes, between James O'Neill, of New York, and J. Fitzpatrick, at Berwick, Me., Dec. 4, 1860. The longest prize-ring encounter in England lasted 6 hours 3 minutes, between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden. It was fought at Edenbridge, Eng., July 17, 1849. The longest battle on record with gloves was between William Sheriff, better known as the Prussian, and Jimmy Welch, fought at Philadelphia, Pa., April 10, 1864. It lasted through 16 rounds, fought in 5 hours 3 minutes 45 seconds. The shortest glove fight on record, 5 minutes 30 seconds, 2 rounds, Denny Harrington and F. Barnett, London, Eng., May 26, 1879. Shortest in America between prominent pugilists—6 minutes 18 seconds, 3 rounds, George Rooke and W. C. McClellan, Long Island City, Dec. 1, 1861.

J. S., Altoona, Pa.—Sullivan G. Whitaker rode 50 miles on a tricycle in 2 hours 55 minutes 5.5 seconds at St. Louis, Nov. 28, 1885. Following is the return by miles:

Miles.	H. M. Sec.	Miles.	H. M. Sec.
1.....	2 58	26.....	1 24 50
2.....	6 02	27.....	1 28 30
3.....	9 05	28.....	1 31 57
4.....	12 08	29.....	1 35 26
5.....	15 13	30.....	1 38 50
6.....	18 18 1-5	31.....	1 42 42
7.....	21 41	32.....	1 46 38
8.....	24 41	33.....	1 49 53
9.....	27 50	34.....	1 53 03
10.....	30 03	35.....	1 56 18
11.....	34 11 2-5	36.....	2 01 01
12.....	37 21 1-5	37.....	2 04 04
13.....	40 35	38.....	2 08 08
14.....	43 42 2-5	39.....	2 12 12
15.....	47 11 1-5	40.....	2 16 16
16.....	50 28 1-5	41.....	2 19 19
17.....	53 49 4-5	42.....	2 23 23
18.....	57 11 2-5	43.....	2 26 26
19.....	60 28 1-5	44.....	2 30 30
20.....	1 04 04	45.....	2 35 35
21.....	1 07 22	46.....	2 39 39
22.....	1 10 44	47.....	2 43 43
23.....	1 14 06	48.....	2 47 47
24.....	1 17 57	49.....	2 51 51
25.....	1 21 19 2-5	50.....	2 55 55



NICE COPPERS.

THE SORT OF POLICE PROTECTION WITH WHICH CINCINNATI IS COMPELLED TO PUT UP.



SHE WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM,

MRS. JAMES SELLERS OF RISING SUN, MARYLAND, GETS RID OF A BIG BURGLARIOUS TRAMP.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

GALLANT MINERS IN NANTICOKE, PA., TRY DESPERATELY BUT IN VAIN TO RESCUE THEIR IMPRISONED COMRADES.



CHEATING THE LIQUOR LAW.

THE INGENIOUS PATENT WHICH HAS BEEN GOT UP FOR USE IN PROHIBITION STATES.



HE TRIED TO KEEP WARM.

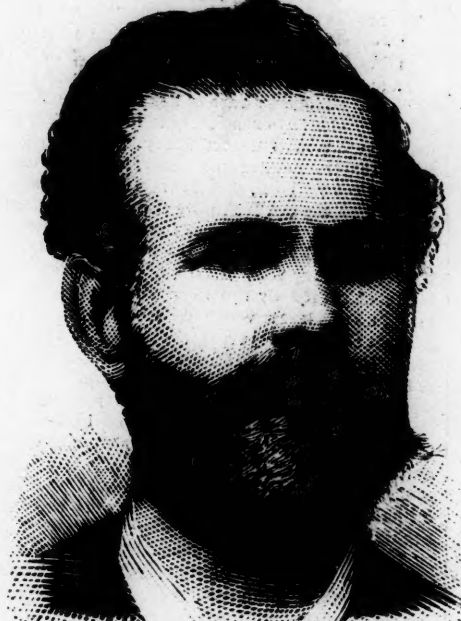
JOHN FANFORD OF CAMDEN, N. J., KINDLES A BIG BONFIRE TO MAKE HIS CELL COMFORTABLE.



E. J. HEATH,
CHIEF ENGINEER OF CHICOPEE, MASS., FIRE DEPT.



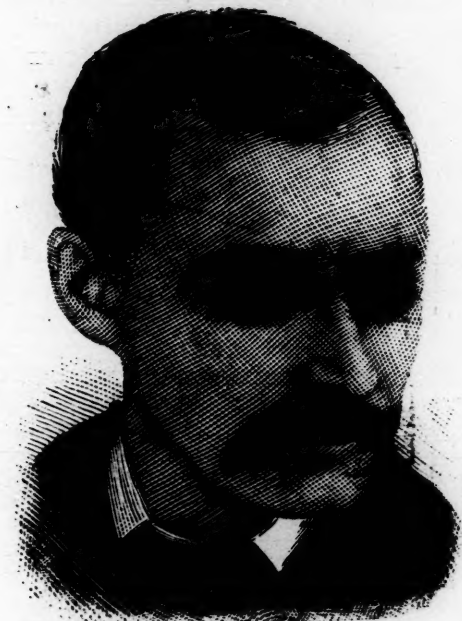
GEO. PERKINS,
THE CHAMPION OARSMAN OF ENGLAND.



DANIEL O'LEARY,
THE FAMOUS HEEL-AND-TOE WALKER.



JAMES McLAUGHLIN,
AMERICA'S CHAMPION J. CKEY.



GEO. F. SLOSSON,
THE FAMOUS BILLIARD EXPERT.



CHAS. MITCHELL,
THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH FUGILIST.



FRED ARCHER,
THE CHAMPION JOCKEY OF ENGLAND.



EDWARD ROONEY,
A VERY POPULAR CANADIAN TRAINER AND DRIVER.



BURIED IN A BARREL.

HOW MILLIONAIRE NEWBERRY OF CHICAGO, WHO DIED AT SEA, WAS INTERRED IN GRACELAND CEMETERY.

"ON THE ROAD."

Life Traveling on the Steel Tracks--
Among the Railroaders and Com-
mercial Drummers, Etc., Etc.



M. Levison is the best dressed traveler on the road. His elegant appearance gains for him and the firm he represents many friends and considerable business, to say nothing about the admiration of the ladies. This well-dressed traveler from Wilkesbarre, Pa. He is noted on the road for his free and generous ways among the railroad men who know him, and his fine cigars at every station.

George Gould is studying railroading under his able papa.

January 15 is the day for commercial men to whoop her up again for '96.

Ed. Stokes bought a whole telegraph line the other day for \$300,000. He means business in his fight against the Western Union.

American locomotives are in great demand in New Zealand. The English engines are considered too heavy and bulky there.

The wave of prosperity is not confined to the Eastern railroads or to the corn lines. The transcontinentals share in the impulse, and notable among these is the Atchison, which is increasing its earnings at the rate of \$6,000 per day over last year's record.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy has fitted up a car with suitable apparatus, which it is now running over the road, for the purpose of examining employes as to color blindness. The car stops at all the stations for the purpose of testing the eyes of the switchmen, agents and all others connected with the running of trains.

The Erie, the last year, has brought West but 8,801 emigrants, against 35,878 in 1894, and 61,566 in 1893. The decrease in passenger earnings can be partly accounted for by the decrease in emigrant business, owing to the action of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, on Jan. 18, 1895, in reducing the fare to only \$1 from New York to Chicago, which this company declined to meet.

The St. Paul "Pioneer Press" says that 600 miles of new railroad was laid in the Northwest during the year, against 1,033 in 1894, and 1,319 in 1893. The expenditure for new construction was about \$13,500,000. The Pioneer Press thinks the construction for 1896 will be much larger. The Burlington and Quincy's Minnesota line has 5,000 men grading at the present time. The completion of this and of the Wisconsin Central will give St. Paul ten railroads running their own trains into the city limits.

The resignation of H. A. Gray, Auditor of the Omaha Road, has been announced, to take effect Jan. 1. Mr. Gray leaves the company to accept the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Union Steel Company, of Chicago. Mr. Gray has been with the Omaha since April 1, 1891. Previous to that time he was in the accounting department of the Northwestern at Chicago for seven years. Mr. Gray will be succeeded by Mr. Robinson, who succeeded him as chief clerk in the Comptroller's office of the Northwestern.

Hon. Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Company, and United States Senator from California, recently announced his intention of establishing a new university in that State as a memorial of his deceased son. His plans have now been definitely announced. The site of the university will be his estate at Palo Alto, about thirty miles from San Francisco, and he will build there the necessary buildings on a magnificent scale. He will give to the university at once his Palo Alto, Gridley and Vina properties, which are estimated to be worth about \$5,000,000, and also announces his intention of ultimately endowing it with the greater portion of his estate, which will make it one of the wealthiest educational institutions in the world.

At one of the stations of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad a few Sundays since an elderly gentleman got off the cars to take brief observations during the stoppage of the train. The assistant at the station rushed out and made a regular baggage smasher's attack on a trunk, which he slammed about with a reckless disregard for consequences. The old man interposed: "Young man, won't you break that trunk?" The young man turned a withering look upon the old gentleman and impudently inquired: "What's the matter with you; do you own this trunk?" "No, sir," came back in a tone that evinced much indignation, "but I'll have you to understand, sir, that I own this railroad." As Col. Donahue moved back to the train the limp young man reclined against the station for support.

The tourists in a Pullman car coming down from El Paso the other night over the Southern Pacific had a lively time of it. Mr. Roberts, agent of

a Dallas paper at El Paso, had a pass and a comfortable berth. Some time late in the night a tall, powerful man reached his hands into Roberts' berth, grasped him by the shoulder, shook him violently, and said: "Look here, get up, let's go in swimming."

"What?" shrieked Roberts, bounding up. "Go in swimming, — you," yelled the man, springing upon him. Roberts screamed and half the male occupants of the car rolled out in toilette de nuit, and went on board the tall stranger. He had commenced "shucking" himself preparatory to his imaginary plunge, and despite the protests of the feminine occupants and the united strength of six men succeeded in divesting himself of all clothing down to his underclothes, and there he paused, weighted down by his opponents. After much solicitation he was prevailed upon to don some of his clothing, but drew the line at his shirt, sternly refusing to do any more dressing that night. He was plainly a maniac, and Roberts, in common with several others, perched on their berths and watched him until morning. He vigorously insisted at intervals on the necessity of all his hearers, male and female, taking a bath, but beyond his abominable chatter and a few yells, made no demonstration. On arriving in San Antonio in the early morning he broke away from his companions, rushed over to a fat colored woman at the depot, threw his arms around her neck, imprinted a vigorous smack upon her cheek and rushed down the street. He has not been seen since. Roberts says he was interesting, but slightly fatiguing. He is a German and is believed to live in El Paso.

ARRESTED IN MALE ATTIRE.

The Extraordinary Adventures of a Tough but Good-Looking Ohio Damsel.

Three years ago Mary Harper, of Ironton, Ohio, was but sweet sixteen and a pretty, dashing brunette, with eyes that fairly danced with mischief. For a girl of her age she was remarkably well developed, and was, like most maidens, aware of her rare charms. She was courted by half a dozen young fellows, but her favorite was a young man named Riley. Her parents considered their daughter too young to receive the attentions of young men, and Mary's courting escapades were all on the sly. Finally the parents grew too restrictive upon their wayward girl, and the result was that Mary and young Riley eloped, going to Greenup, Ky., where they were married. The wedded couple, being discarded by the new wife's parents, drifted away, no one knew whither. About a year ago Riley came back, and reported that his girl-wife had left him. From that time on nothing further was heard of her, and many people who had known her often wondered what had become of pretty Mary Harper. On Dec. 21 a letter was received from her, accompanied by an article clipped from a Baltimore paper, inquiring if a Mary Riley, nee Harper, was known in Ironton, and stating that she was under arrest for parading in men's clothing. Here is the story of her wandering, as told by herself:

"I was born in Mason county, Ky.; my father removed to Ironton, Ohio; I taught a class in Spencer Chapel Methodist Church; Nov. 21, 1892, I was married to Lewis Riley; I ran off to Greenup county, Ky., to be married. The 1st of February I left him on account of cruelty. In August I gave birth to a male child; he was adopted by my uncle. I commenced drinking, a minister being the cause of my downfall. After that I became hardened and didn't care for myself. During the summer I visited every town on the Ohio River, and in the fall I went to Cambridge. A conductor on the Wheeling and Lake Erie road, Jacob Buckle, proposed to me that I put on male attire and go as a brakeman with him on the local train. I was brakeman with him for two months. While coupling cars I was knocked down and run over. When I recovered I went to work on Duval's Dam, on the Muskingum River. While working there was an excursion up from Parkersburg. One of the young men revealed my identity to the boss. I quit work, and Monday night went with him to a country dance. Charles Dawson got jealous because I danced with his girl, and was going to thrash me. Before he got a chance I cut him across the left breast and abdomen. I was arrested the next day, but young Duval's father got me out on bail and told me to skip, which I did. One night I jumped on a cattle train at Parkersburg and went to Grafton. Saturday I met Charles Dean, who was with a crowd. He said I was such a young looking boy that he took pity on me, and said if I wanted to go East to come on. We boarded a freight train and came to Baltimore. We started out to get employment on an oyster boat. I begged Charlie to stay and get employment on the same boat, as I didn't want to be alone. He didn't know that I was a girl. We had both been shipped, he as a dredger and I as a cook, when I forgot myself and spoke in my natural voice, which caused suspicion, and I confessed my sex."

It is thought the Harpers removed to the West, as they have not been living in Ironton for some time. Their whereabouts will be learned, if possible, that they may be informed of the trouble into which their wayward child has fallen.

A dispatch from Baltimore says that Mary Harper is now at the St. Vincent Home for Fallen Women in that city.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

"Fatty" Kimberling, of Altoona, was tried and convicted on Dec. 19 for complicity in the fiendish outrage committed upon Miss Bertha Morrison by several attaches of Cole's circus in August last, in Huntingdon. Miss Morrison, who is a modest and attractive girl of 17 years, testified that on the night of the circus she was approached by Kimberling, who offered to assist her to find some companions, from whom she had become separated. Instead of doing this, however, he enticed her into a neighboring woods, and with the assistance of several other attaches of the show, including two negroes, who were lying in ambush, repeatedly assaulted her and left her bleeding and unconscious. George Mack, one of the colored fiends, was also tried and convicted. Judge Furst sentenced Kimberling and Mack each to undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary at hard labor for a period of ten years and three months.

GOLD FIELDS.

that pan out richly, are not so abundant as in the early California days, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, receive, free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tanbark circle.
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of the most famous impostors.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.
Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes.
Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.
Heavenly Chimes. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.
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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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PEEK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING. And perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but INVISIBLE TO OTHERS, and COMFORTABLE TO WEAR. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOCK, 833 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

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A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

THE GREATEST PAIN RELIEVER OF THE WORLD. DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN LINIMENT applied immediately upon being bitten eradicates all danger of Hydrophobia ever existing. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

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Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

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WOOD ENGRAVING
EVERY DESCRIPTION
FOR PRINTING PURPOSES.

We engrave to order Illustrations of all kinds for Merchants, Manufacturers, Publishers and Advertisers generally. Views of Buildings, Machinery, Diagrams, Illustrations for Catalogues, Portraits, Colored Posters, Signatures, Trade Marks, Monograms, Etc., Etc.
ORDERS BY MAIL CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.
PLEASE SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

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WOOD ENGRAVERS
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TO ADVERTISERS.

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As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

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Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " "
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/4 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL ADVERTISING MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE
No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cases should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,
New York

OUR GRAND OFFER!



Owing to the failure of the manufacturer I have secured the whole stock of the above watches, which have never been sold or introduced to the jewelry trade. The cases are made of a metal that resembles 18 K. GOLD; they are not polished, but are ENGINE TURNED, as it is called. They are also artistically engraved. They are finished with the best substitute for genuine gold ever discovered, and even experts are puzzled to tell that they are not SOLID GOLD. They have the celebrated anchor lever movement, compensation balance, full jeweled, and have the appearance of a \$75 WATCH. Being accurate time keepers they are suitable for use on railroads, steamers and all other places where a good, serviceable watch is required. I send the watch, postpaid, by registered mail on receipt of \$6.50. Or will send it C. O. D. upon receipt of \$1, as an evidence of good faith. Send money by post-office money order or registered letter, or deposit it with this paper until you receive the watch. Chains of fine rolled plate at \$1; charms, 50c.

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IS HUNGRY for the trade of Streetmen Auctioneers and Canvassers for Drygoods, Notions, Novelties, etc. at 20 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere. Send postcard for catalogue. H. WOLF, 113 & 114 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

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LADIES! I develop the form by a new process (never fails) and increase or reduce flesh scientifically. Any part of form beautifully proportioned. Pimples, Freckles, Wrinkles, Moles and superfluous Hair removed. Complexions bleached or artistically beautified. Full particulars, 4c. Address Mme. M. Latour, 246 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

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Forme luxuriant Moustache, Whiskers, or hair no bald heads in 20 to 30 days. Extra strength, Quick, Safe, Sure. No other remedy. 2c. 3c. 5c. per bottle. Will prove it or forfeit \$100.00. Price per Pkg. with directions sealed and post paid 25 cts. 3 for 75 cts. Sample or order. Smith Mfg. Co., Palestine, Ills.

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Our New Fall Illustrated Catalogue now ready. It will both interest and benefit you. Sent free anywhere. MAHLER BROS., 505 Sixth Avenue, New York. N. B.—Lace-Trimmed Underwear a specialty.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Mention this paper. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

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DO YOU SMOKE? A Box of 25 Genuine Havana Seed Cigars sent for \$1 by mail. ACME SUPPLY CO., 2 College Place, New York.



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